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ROBERT BARR'S NEW STORY

"THE WIZARD OF WALL STREET"

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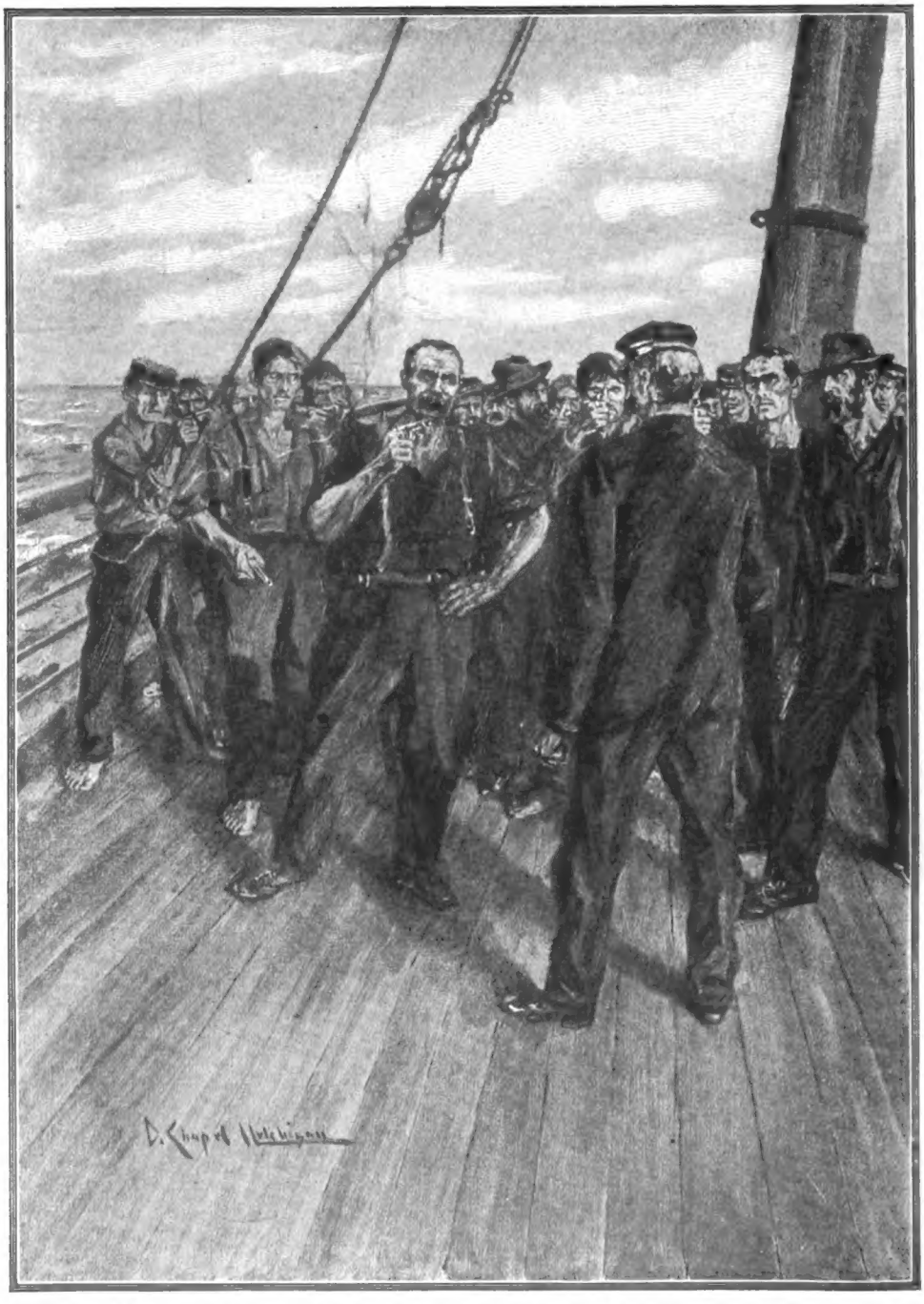

"HERE, BOYS, SHOW HIM YOUR TEETH," AND, TO THE SKIPPER'S AMAZEMENT, EVERY MAN . . . WHIPPED OUT A REGULATION NAVY REVOLVER.—*See page* 412.

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JIMMY DID NOT SAY MUCH, . . . BUT HE INTIMATED TO A FEW FRIENDS THAT HE WAS PLEASED WITH NEW YORK.

THE WIZARD OF WALL STREET.*

By Robert Barr.

"I AM a citizen of no mean city," said St. Paul, and the spirit of this phrase has run down through the ages. It is remarkable that a man should take importance unto himself inasmuch as he hails from a big town, but such is almost universally the case. The dweller in a city numbering a million inhabitants looks with a certain contempt upon the man who comes from a town of five hundred thousand.

In the world of stock speculation, stern fact gives some basis to this theory. The 'cute man of the village, who has overreached all his neighbors, and consequently has acquired some conceit of himself, goes to the county town and is looted. The sharp individual of the county town betakes himself to the chief city of his State, and ultimately returns penniless. The chief dealer in the city marches triumphantly on Chicago, and if he does not beat a retreat

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it is because he has no money left to pay his fare home. The boss of the Chicago Stock Exchange takes the Limited to New York, and Wall Street shears him to the skin.

The Wall Street man, on reading the above, will say at once, "You forget the career of Jim Blades." As a matter of fact I do nothing of the kind. He is the exception that proves the rule, and it is an incident in his life that I now set out to tell. Jim had sacked his village, sacked the county town, sacked the biggest city in his State, and then had turned to Chicago and had gathered in the frugal savings of that celebrated hamlet. By this time Jim had achieved a national reputation. He was well worth the plucking; and when the papers announced that Jim thought the Chicago field of operations all very well for an ordinary man, but too restricted for a person of his acquirements and genius, therefore he would make New York his future residence, Wall Street rubbed its hands together, smacked its lips, and chuckled. Jim was following a well-trodden footpath, and the average successful Chicago speculator, "wi' a guid conceit o' himsel'," had done much in days gone by to enrich the Eastern metropolis.

I have no desire to harrow the tender feelings of Wall Street, and so will not dwell on Jim's experiences on that narrow thoroughfare. He gave them a few lessons on what might be done with railways; he flung abroad a little instruction on shares and stocks in general, and the mysteries of their going up and down. Then he topped everything with his justly celebrated wheat corner, at a moment when people thought he was interested in the Wabash Railway, and not only New York, but all America, and even remote districts of Europe, were induced to pour contributions in cash or kind into the insatiable pockets of Mr. James Blades.

After that, New York spoke of him with bated breath and deep respect. His keen, inscrutable hatchet face carried terror among the operators on 'Change, and they exhibited a superstitious nervous desire to know on which side of a deal Jim was, before they would touch the most innocent of stocks. "Walk wide of the Wizard of Wall Street" was their motto.

Jimmy did not say much; he was not a talkative man; but he intimated to a few friends that he was pleased with New York. It was a nice place, where an honest countryman who always spoke the truth and rose early might pick up a few good things now and then on "The Street." If Blades paused for a few moments before the town office of the D., L. & W. on Broadway, its stock instantly went up a few points, and one of the papers advised the United States Government to put double padlocks on the Sub-Treasury Building in Wall Street while Jim was in town.

The great speculator was at the zenith of his career when he came into collision with Peter McKim, a humble railway conductor. Nearly all of those who relate this incident have got it wrong, and none of them know the real inside of the matter, which is here made public for the first time. Some say that McKim did not know it was Jim Blades he was dealing with, and others that he was unaware at the beginning of the fuss, but that when this knowledge came to him, he had gone too far to retreat. Both are wrong. Blades had travelled to town on that train for months, and McKim was accustomed to greet him by name every morning until after the row.

A railway conductor must be the most urbane of men. Under his care, sooner or later, passes every kind of crank in the world, and goodness knows the woods are full of them. There is the man who won't show his ticket; the woman who expects the conductor to know every farmhouse he passes; the man who won't pay his fare or get off; the woman who wants to go to some town not on that line or any connecting line; the man who desires to occupy four seats when he is entitled only to one; the woman who has mislaid her purse, thinks it stolen, and wants the rest of the passengers searched; the man who insists on having the window open because the car is too hot; the woman who insists

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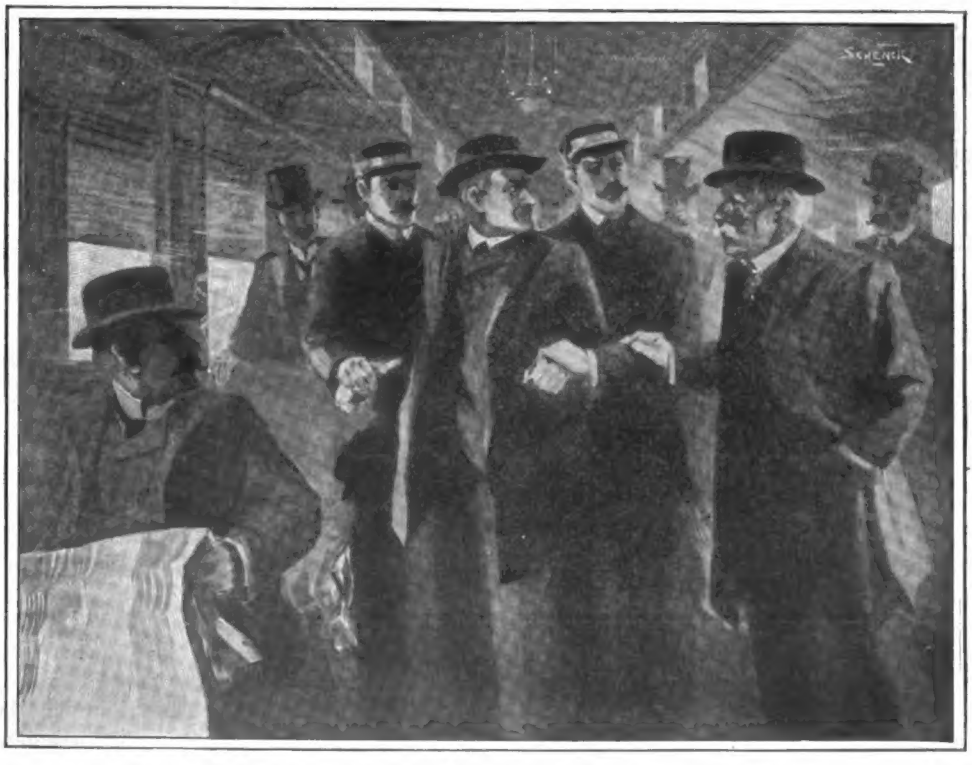
on having it closed because the cinders are blinding her. He must not have a commotion on his train or the women will scream; he must patiently accept blame for the company's shortcomings, with which he has no more to do than you have; he must collect your fare if you have no ticket; and he is loth to put you off if you refuse, for you may bring suit against the road and win it, whereupon the company dismisses him for lack of tact. Above all things, however worried he may be, he must keep his temper, although the passenger is quite at liberty to lose his. He must be ever pleasant and courteous, and he is; but even a conductor in a land of liberty has his rights, while his patience, like some of the trains, is limited.

Peter McKim took up tickets on what was known as the Wall Street Express of the Lackdale and New York Railroad—not that the train ever reached Wall Street, or even the metropolis, for its terminus was in Brooklyn, and the passengers had to achieve New York by bridge or ferry, as best suited them. The train left Lackdale at 9.10, and carried the stock-broking contingent to the city; hence its name. Scoffers called the patrons of this train "The Bunco Brigade"; but this was very wrong, for some of the brigade were exceedingly wealthy. It is unwise to nickname the opulent; we may be rich ourselves some day.

Jim Blades was a constant traveller by the Wall Street Express. His country residence was at Lackdale, and he was a "commuter"; that is to say, he carried a commutation ticket, into one square of which the conductor punched a round hole every trip, until the piece of pasteboard was exhausted; then Jim had to buy another. The commutation ticket was not only a labor-saving device, doing away with the necessity of frequent calls at the ticket office, but it also made travel very much



BY A QUICK MOVEMENT THE MEN ACTED SIMULTANEOUSLY, AND GRASPED MR. BLADES BY WRIST AND SHOULDER, NOT ONLY HOLDING HIM HELPLESS, BUT DRAGGING HIM, IN SPITE OF RESISTANCE, TOWARD THE DOOR.

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cheaper, and this was an important point with Jim, who, being a millionaire over and over again, naturally had a "close-fisted eye," as his gardener used to say.

One morning Peter McKim came through the smoker with his usual remark, "Tickets, gentlemen, please." Mr. Blades was busily talking with an acquaintance, and as he talked he ran forefinger and thumb absent-mindedly into the ticket compartment of his coat, then into his vest pocket, next searched his trousers, and finally said to the waiting conductor:

"I've forgotten my ticket. I'll give it to you to-morrow."

Blades went on with his conversation. The conductor stood at his elbow for a moment, then remarked quietly:

"Perhaps it is in your pocketbook, Mr. Blades."

"No, I never keep it there. You can punch two holes in it to-morrow."

"I'm sorry, sir, but that's against the rules. I must have your ticket or charge you full fare."

"Nonsense!" cried the speculator, annoyed at the man's persistence, "I'm not the first person who's forgotten his ticket. It's quite usual to punch two holes the next day."

"Not on this train, sir."

"This train? What's the matter with this train? Ain't we as honest as on any other train?"

There was a laugh, and some one said, "The Bunco Brigade! I move Jim be elected president of it." While another remarked, "No use, Jim. The conductor's been nipped in Wall Street before. Pay up," all of which, though good humored, seemed to incense Mr. Blades still more.

"I mean by this train," explained McKim, "that I don't do that sort of thing. Other conductors may, but that's nothing to me. I have to obey the company's orders, and I either punch a ticket or collect the fare."

"Oh, you do, do you? What does your company amount to, anyway? Stock down to 13⅞," said Jim, with the contempt of a man who dealt with large and prosperous railways. And now came the time for the conductor to lose his temper, which, of course, was inexcusable.

"It won't make the stock go up, if passengers succeed in beating their way over the line. I want your ticket or a dollar."

James Blades became white round the lips. To be flouted thus by one of the most insignificant servants of one of the poorest lines in the United States was unbearable to him—a man to whom railways and constellations of railways were merely counters in the game he habitually played. He rose from his seat, and stood in the passage, confronting the intrepid conductor. There had been a good deal of hilarity in the car at the beginning of the controversy, but now silence fell, and interest became intense. None there had ever seen Jim Blades angry before, and all wondered which of the two would give way. The conductor was technically in the right, but tactically in the wrong. Every man present knew that the company would not sustain him for thus baiting so great a man as Blades over the insignificant sum of a dollar, and they felt sorry for the conductor, even while they had a certain sympathy for the attitude of the passenger.

"Do you mean to say that I have tried to beat the road?"

"I say I want your ticket or a dollar."

"Do you say I tried to beat the road?"

"I'm not here to answer your conundrums. My business is to collect fares. I'll trouble you for a dollar."

"Well, you won't get it. And look here, Mr. Man, you'll be off this road and looking for another job before this time to-morrow."

"That's all right. I may be off the road to-morrow, but you'll be off this train in less than ten minutes if you don't fork out a dollar, and that mighty sudden, too."

"Who'll put me off?"

"I will."

"Just you try it."

"Do you refuse to pay?"

"Yes, I do."

The conductor raised his right hand to the communication cord suspended above the centre of the aisle, and gave it a short, sudden jerk. The silence was so profound

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that every man in the car heard the scizz of steam in the engine ahead, which told the driver to stop the train. Next instant there echoed through the train the brief toot of the whistle by which the engineer answered the signal, then the grind of the air brake. As the train slowed, Peter McKim crooked his finger toward a sullen brakeman who stood by the door at the farther end of the car, and the man came forward beside his chief. By a quick movement the men acted simultaneously, and grasped Mr. Blades by wrist and shoulder, not only holding him helpless, but dragging him, in spite of resistance, toward the door. Although Jim's mind was a match for all New York, his physical qualities would not have met the approval of Mr. Muldoon.

At this juncture the man with whom Jim had been talking arose and interfered.

"Hold on, conductor, you are going too far. You surely do not intend to put Mr. Blades off in the middle of a swamp?"

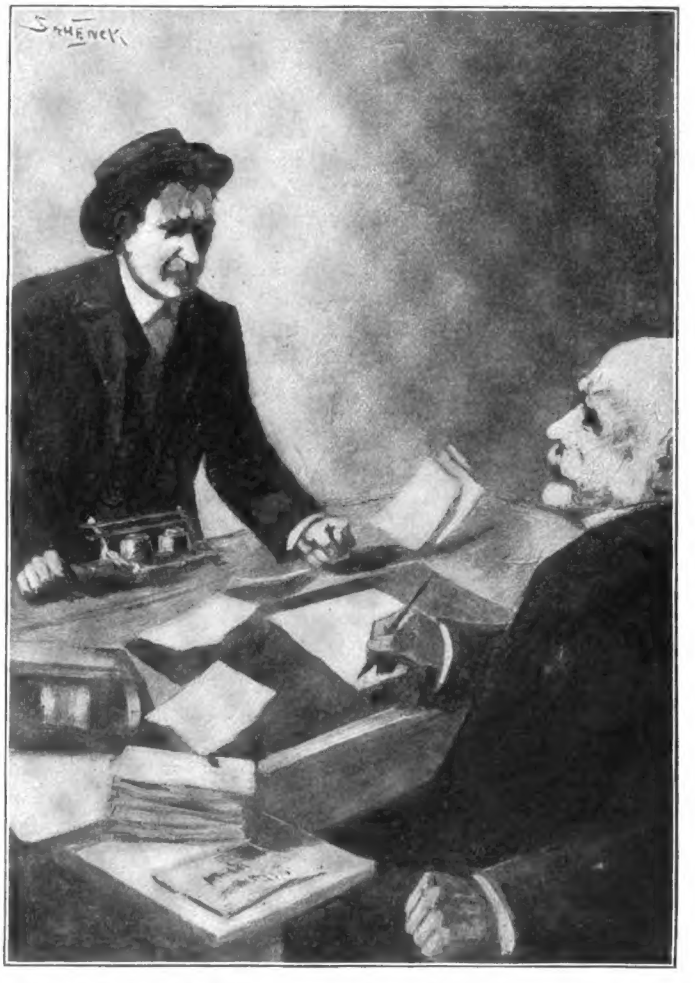
"I'm going to do that very thing," said McKim grimly.

"No, you are not. Carry him to Brooklyn, and make your complaint there if you want to."

"I favor or disfavor no man on this train. If a man acts like a gentleman, he'll be treated like a gentleman; if he acts like a tramp, he'll be treated like a tramp."

There was a democratic flavor about this statement that appealed to the majority. Besides, they resented the outside interference which threatened to spoil a first-class row.

"Oh, pshaw," said the peacemaker, "what's the use of making such a fuss over a dollar. Truth is, you are both in the wrong. Conductor, here's your money. Hands off Mr. Blades, if you please."



THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN JIM AND THE PRESIDENT WAS BRIEF, ABRUPT, AND CONCLUSIVE.

As the man pulled out a silver dollar and tendered it to the conductor, there was a low growl of disapproval throughout the smoking car. No ladies were present, and the occupants were loath to miss the climax of a sensation, but curiously enough the angriest man at the intrusion was Jim Blades himself. He

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turned like a roaring lion on the intervener.

"Will you keep your cursed money in your pocket?" he cried.

"Can't do it, Jim, when you're in the neighborhood," replied the man good-naturedly, at which there was a laugh. "'Taint the first dollar you've looted out of me, and I think I speak for the crowd. Come, come, Jim, sit down. You're too good a business man to expect this train-load to lose ten thousand dollars' worth of time over a dispute about a hundred cents."

Perhaps Blades saw the absurdity of his position, but be that as it may, he dropped into the nearest seat, drew his slouch hat over his frowning brow, and said no more. The conductor, as soon as he received the money, jerked the rope twice, the engine gave two answering whistles, and the train sped on to its destination.

When Jim Blades left the terminus, he did not go to his place of business, but betook himself instead to the general offices of the Lackdale and New York Railroad Company, and went in upon the general passenger agent. Now, a general passenger agent is a suave and diplomatic individual. He meets the newspaper men and gives them interesting items about his road, and it is his duty to persuade the public that his particular line is the best equipped, fastest, and most comfortable in the world. He gets out attractive pamphlets with maps showing that his road goes in a direct bee-line from important point to important point, whereas in reality it may wander all over the land, and he will give you as many of these pamphlets as you want for nothing. Your case must be bad, indeed, if the G. P. A. will not speak to you soothingly about it, and promise all sorts of amendments.

"I have been grossly insulted on your road this morning," began Blades, "by a conductor named McKim."

"I am very sorry indeed to hear it," replied the passenger agent mildly.

"Are you? Well, you can express your sorrow by bouncing this conductor."

"What did he do?"

"Do? What didn't he do? I left my commutation ticket at home this morning. He demanded full fare, which I refused, telling him he might punch two holes in my ticket to-morrow—quite the usual thing, I've seen it done a dozen times—but he wouldn't have that, and actually laid hands on me. Came within an ace of throwing me off the train."

"Oh, well, we'll return the dollar, and I'll apologize on behalf of the company. How will that suit you, Mr. Blades?"

"It won't suit me at all. I don't care a hang about the dollar, and apologies are cheap. I want the man fired."

"Rather rough on McKim, you know. He was merely following instructions. Whatever blame there is rests with the company that issued the rules. You know enough about railroading, Mr. Blades, to be aware that a servant who obeys orders is not censurable."

"Regulations—rules—orders! Look here, I've had enough of that kind of talk. Say, are you going to discharge that man or are you not?"

"I really don't see how I can."

"Don't you? Where's the president?"

"Front room—end of the passage. I regret very much that——"

But Blades was gone, and had banged the door behind him.

The president of even a minor railway is a great man. He is usually under the impression that he runs the universe, although it may be only a single-track line that he operates. Therefore you must approach him with a certain amount of deference if you expect to carry your point with him. If you brush aside the underling who offers to take in your card, and if you stride into the president's room with a slouch hat on the back of your head, and more especially if you advance angrily to his great desk, and pound your fist on it, thundering forth orders, why, the man will come to the conclusion that you think *you* run the universe, whereas he knows that he is doing it; hence there will be trouble, and you will be shown to the door. The president of a railway does not need to be

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polite, except to his equals, and he knows he hasn't any. The passenger agent is paid to attend to that department.

The interview between Jim and the president was brief, abrupt, and conclusive. The former went direct to the office of his chief broker. He was now so angry that all appearance of anger had departed from him, and his broker thought him as calm as he usually was.

"Mr. Thurlow," said the speculator, "I want you to buy for me the Lackdale and New York Railroad."

"All the stock, sir?" asked the broker.

"I merely want a working majority. I intend to reorganize the staff from president to conductors, so get me enough stock to give me legal control. It stands at 13⅞, I think."

"It has gone down a point since yesterday's quotations. You want this done quietly, of course."

"Quietly, until you have got all the stock you want; after that I don't care who knows I own the road. In fact, as soon as I possess it, you may as well give the deal away to the papers, but be sure you have your quantity first."

Before the close of a week Jim Blades was practically master of the L. & N. Y. R.R. The buying of such a block of stock in such a short time raised the price until it reached 17¾. The next morning the papers had various items about the matter, and from these items the following is reprinted, as giving the gist of the intelligence:

The majority of the stock of the L. & N. Y. R.R. has been acquired by Mr. James Blades. The purchase was carried through so quietly and expeditiously that the rise was comparatively small, as will be seen by consulting our financial column. A reporter saw Mr. Blades yesterday afternoon, but that gentleman declined to be interviewed on the matter. His brokers, Messrs. Thurlow & Sneed, were scarcely less reticent, but they admitted that the road had been bought by Mr. Blades. Those in the know say that the Plainville extension will now be carried forward, and this will give the road the connections it has long needed. A complete reorganization of the staff will be one of the first results of the new ownership.

"HOW ARE YOU, McKIM? HAVE YOU FOUND ANOTHER JOB YET?"

The effects of these announcements were amazing, and went to show how easy it is for a man who has much money to make more. The stock went up by leaps and bounds to 60. Technically Blades could not have removed the president and the passenger agent until the annual meeting of the stockholders; but, as one of Jim's friends said, these gentlemen "knew when they were up against it," and they sent in their resignations. Promptly an order went down the line for the discharge of Conductor McKim, and then Jim's brokers quietly unloaded the stock on a discriminating public, who

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now regret that they made the investment.

Did Mr. Blades's conscience trouble him that he had deprived three men of their employment?

Jim expected that the conductor would come to him and beg forgiveness and a new position. Sure enough, a few weeks later Peter McKim sent in his card to the great magnate at his Wall Street office.

"Show him in," said Mr. Blades.

Peter McKim came in, rather well dressed for a man out of employment, but Jim paid such little attention to his own clothes that he never noticed those of any one else.

"How are you, McKim? Have you found another job yet?"

"No, sir, I haven't."

"Well, I allowed you to come in here just to have the pleasure of telling you that I never accept an apology, and that when I hit a man, I hit him hard. So you see it's no use appealing to me."

"Quite so, Mr. Blades. I just dropped in to tell you that, in spite of appearances to the contrary, I was not in the least angry with you that day on the train."

"Angry with me? Well, I'll be ——. For straight cheek that beats me."

"Yes, and you're not easy to beat, Jim."

"Look here, my man, I'm not going to have any more of your impudence. My name is Mr. Blades."

"Oh, no, it isn't. You merely think it is. Everybody calls you Jim. But we won't quarrel about names. I'm a college man myself, although you might not think so, and the most money I ever made was forty dollars a month. I had to be deferential to every one——"

"Oh, you're a mighty deferential man!"

"I had to be, I said, or I would lose my place. When I was put on the Wall Street Express — the passenger agent is an old college chum of mine who had got on better in the world than I did, and he gave me the position—I took tickets from the Bunco Brigade, men worth all the way from five hundred thousand to ten millions, and more when you came along. Now I studied these men, listened to them talking, and kept asking myself, 'How do such people make so much money, when I'm plugging along here for forty dollars a month?' When you came, the problem presented still greater difficulties. Here was one of the richest men in America, all of whose money had been made in the last few years, yet he was a person of no education, with manners of a dock-whalloper, the hayseed of a Western farm hardly yet out of his unkempt hair."

"Now you go on like that for a minute more, and I'll have you thrown out of here."

"Yet there was undeniable power in his sharp, granite face; dogged resolution, infinite courage; a flash of the eye that showed an ability to make a decision as quick, as unerring, and as final as a stroke of lightning."

"Yes, you'd better hedge."

"I was fascinated with the study of that face. The evil qualities were as plainly discerned as the good. Fierce anger when aroused, then an implacable desire for revenge, a determination to get even, and a cruel ruthlessness in the execution of any project."

"Now, I warned you once."

"I sized you up, Jim, and had the conceit to put myself against the man who had beaten all America. I said to myself, 'The man who can make Jim Blades angry can do what he likes with him.' I had no money, so I went to see my friend the passenger agent. He owned 5,000 shares in this no-account road, and the president owned 12,000. Nominally this stock hovered between 11 and 12, but there was no market for it, and it couldn't be sold at any price unless the Plainville extension was put through. I unfolded my plan to the G. P. A. and he took me up to the president's room. There it was discussed and viewed from all sides. The president was afraid that I would merely get them into a big suit for damages, and that you, with all your money,

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would have the best of it; but I pointed out that even if you did take to the law, the road was all but bankrupt anyhow, and couldn't be in any worse position. 'Don't you fear,' said I. 'Jim Blades will never think of going to law for his revenge. I'll deliver Jim Blades to you some fine morning the maddest man in New York State, and all you have to do is to fire him out, and he'll buy this road merely to bounce the lot of us. Whenever it is known that Blades owns the road, the stock will jump like mad. Then you sell out.' 'But how is it to become known?' asked the president, and I replied, 'He'll tell it for us; he'll want to make money out of the deal; a man like him can't help making money in a scheme for vengeance.'

"'What's to hinder us announcing that he's bought the road, without running the risk of angering him?' asked the G. P. A. 'Nothing,' said I, 'except that he would deny it next day, and prove his denial.' 'What are you going to make out of the deal?' inquired the president. 'I want you and the passenger agent to lend me 1,500 shares of stock for a few weeks. Or, rather, I want you to give me a "call" for thirty days on 1,500 shares of your stock at 11½. I'll merely take the profit, that is the rise, on the shares during that time.' And so it was arranged. It all came off on schedule time, thanks to my correct reading of your character. I punched tickets, and threatened to punch heads, so here am I, a well-to-do man, while my friend the G. P. A. is comfortably off and the president is rich."

Jim Blades pondered for a moment, scratched his head, made a grimace, then said abruptly:

"How much did you make?"

"I sold at 58⅝; might have made a couple of thousands more, but was afraid to hang on too long. I netted exactly $70,500."

The great speculator's eyes partially closed, and he spoke in a voice of extreme friendliness.

"Say, Mr. McKim, I can tell you how to double that money before to-morrow night."

The ex-conductor laughed.

"No, you can't, Jim, for I've put it all into government bonds. I've never yet earned five hundred dollars a year, and now I have an assured income as long as the old United States lasts."

If Blades felt any chagrin his poker face gave no indication of it. As McKim rose to take his leave, the speculator remarked casually:

"When you see your friends the president and the passenger agent, just tell 'em from me, that I made more money out of the deal than the three of you combined."

Peter had his hand on the door knob before he replied pleasantly; "The passenger agent will be glad to hear that, for he is a kindly man. The president will be glad too, for he did have you shot out of his office rather roughly. As for me, if your friend hadn't paid that dollar as soon as he did, I'd have flung you neck and crop out into the swamp, Jimmy, my boy, and don't you forget it."

McKim left hurriedly, for Jim was making for the door.

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THE THIRD DEGREE.

By Peter McArthur.

CAPTAIN McCLUSKEY.
Chief of the New York Detective Bureau.

It was when Inspector Byrnes was Chief of the Detective Bureau in New York City that the "Third Degree" first became known as a feature of police methods. Since that time it has gained something of a legal standing, for criminal lawyers do all they can to protect their clients from its mysterious horrors, and yet, though this causes it to be referred to in open court, no one seems to be able to tell exactly what it signifies. The police naturally deny its existence; but confirmed criminals shudder when it is mentioned. Newspaper men hint at what they could tell if to do so were politic, but they claim that if they told what they know, their usefulness as reporters of police news would be over. They could never again get the tips that are so valuable when one must have early and accurate stories.

From time to time a prisoner at the bar claims to have had the Third Degree administered to him, but when the judge makes an inquiry, he is assured that the criminal's battered and man-handled condition is due to the fact that he resisted arrest, fought against being locked up, attacked a turnkey, or in some other way misbehaved himself so that his captors or guardians were obliged, in the discharge of their duties, to discipline him with some vigor. If at any time we could be sure that prisoners are telling the truth about the "Third Degree," we might argue from effects to cause, and in that way gain some idea of its mysteries, but from the day of its institution to the present, little has been learned of its workings. Owing to the appearance of those who claim to have suffered it, and to the Masonic character of its name, it is generally regarded as akin to the doings of the Ku-Klux clan and the proceedings in the court of Judge Lynch. Only on one thing does every one appear to be agreed, and that is that the Third Degree is an excellent thing to avoid. But owing to the sources from which all information regarding it must necessarily come, it is almost impossible to arrive at the facts.

Criminals are notorious for the desire to create sympathy with stories of rough treatment, and when a man is an old offender a judge must be careful how he accepts his complaints. The police are honest in saying that an organized initiation is all newspaper talk; but when they say that nothing more is done to make a prisoner confess than to give wholesome advice about confession being good for the soul, they cause a smile among all who have had anything to do with police work.

That such advising and questioning, when conducted by a man of Captain McCluskey's keenness and ability, is frequently as effective as any "Third Degree" could be, is undoubtedly true; for the present chief of the New York Detective Bureau is in no sense of the word an ordinary sleuth. He is wholly devoid of the bulldozing air characteristic of most men who have to do with the capture and handling of criminals, and does not affect the "hawk-eye" usually ascribed to the great detectives of fiction. On the contrary, he is a clear-headed young man who seems to find his reward in the intellectual enjoyment to be derived from solving difficult problems, rather than in the reputation and substantial remuneration earned by his clever work. His appearance is that of a successful man of affairs, and he

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invariably dresses in such good taste that a man walking on the street with him would probably feel as Warrington did when walking with Pendennis, "As if he had a flower in his buttonhole." In conversing with him the trend of his mind and the part of his work that pleases him soon become evident. To quote his own words:

"It is interesting to gauge the mental capacity of criminals. They all naturally pretend to be innocent when brought here, and try to answer the questions put to them in a way that will allay suspicion. But after a few questions most of them are hopelessly at sea, and they either blunder on with explanations that are practically admissions of guilt, or get sulky, and in that way furnish equally strong proof that we are right in our suspicions. But sometimes a criminal is brought in who is a man of education and experience. He reasons out in a second whither a question is leading him, and parries it at once. It is useless to confront such a man with the evidence that has been gathered, for it only shows him what we have done and enables him to prepare a clever defence. The only thing to do in such a case is to work up the evidence until it is complete, and then produce it in court. As for using any such thing as the Third Degree to make any one confess, it is all nonsense."

After having the matter so pleasantly explained, it seems almost unfair to follow it farther, but, like Banquo's ghost, the Third Degree will not down. And now, in order to arrive at some idea of what it is, it may be well to define it. The Third Degree is anything not recognized by law that is done to make a prisoner confess, and even such a questioning as has been described above comes under that head. Every man is supposed to be innocent until he is proven guilty, but if no one were arrested on suspicion few criminals would be brought to justice. And when a suspect is arrested he is questioned, and to this "questioning" some wit has given a terrible significance by calling it the Third Degree. As few know much about it, every one is at liberty to suspect what he pleases, and suspicions are always more awe-inspiring than facts. But instead of being something new, the Third Degree is simply what remains of one of the oldest institutions in the world—a part of it that can never be stamped out as long as there are criminals who must be captured and convicted. In the brave days of old, the "questioning" of an offender was part of the regular court proceedings, and was conducted with the aid of the thumbscrew and rack and other ingenious instruments, devised by gentlemen who were too modest to apply for patents. And it was not necessary to have the victim in shape to appear before a sympathetic magistrate on the following morning; but now, even the mark of a night-stick is likely to cause unpleasant comment.

Of course it would be too flagrantly illegal to have any organized system of administering the Third Degree, and it would in time fall into a routine that would of itself develop the evidence craved by people with whom police reform is a hobby. But it is certain that each case is carefully studied, and the means most likely to bring out a confession are adopted. And while on this point, it is interesting

SEARCHING THE SUSPECT.

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to get Chief McCluskey's opinion of thieves and criminals of that class.

"A thief is simply a thief," he said, with a contemptuous emphasis on the last word. "By nature and training he is mean and cowardly, and when he is caught he will stoop to anything to help his case and lighten his punishment. Honor among thieves is nonsense. A thief is simply a thief," and again the emphasis on the word "thief" gave it an intensity of meaning that is not mentioned in any standard dictionary.

But it often happens that a thief or petty criminal graduates into murder or the higher walks of his profession, and reaches a point where peaching, or confessing, will not help his case or give him hope for clemency. He then becomes an eligible candidate for the Third Degree, and the chances are great that he gets it. If his crime has been a serious one, and the evidence against him, while damaging, is not conclusive, he is likely to be urged with an insistence not recognized by the law to supply the missing links. And here it must be remembered by philanthropic persons that the hunting of criminals is not an occupation conducive to developing tenderness of heart, and when the sleuths manage to arrest a suspect after an exciting chase, they are not likely to be in the humor to deal gently with him if he does not comply with their demands. If he resists arrest he may get a clubbing that will tend to cow him, and if after rousing the anger of his captors he refuses to make any admissions, not much excuse is needed to cause him to be roughly handled. When the detectives and police have been striving for days and perhaps weeks to hunt down a criminal, they are wrought up to a pitch where they may be led to do things they would not do in calmer moments, and at such times the scenes are enacted that have tended to give the Third Degree its dread name.

It is a remarkable fact that there is not a case on record of an innocent man suffering a severe "Third Degree." Old offenders frequently tell tales of horror, of how they were clubbed and beaten into a state of saving grace, but their past records are against them, and prevent them from getting much sympathy. If the Third Degree should ever have its Morgan, every statement he would make would be overwhelmingly refuted by those most interested. But here is a bit of circumstantial evidence and a partial admission that may be taken for what they are worth. A covered passage has been erected from the entrance of the Detective Bureau to the cells across the court-yard, and one day the writer asked a detective the cause of this arrangement.

"To keep reporters from seeing too much when prisoners are being brought back and forward."

"To keep them from reading the confessions on their faces?" was suggested.

"Say, young fellow, that is no dream," he said, and smiled that enigmatical Third-Degree smile.

Perhaps no case of the Third Degree has been more strikingly terrible than the first to attract attention. A man had been arrested for the murder of his roommate. The victim had been dismembered, packed in a trunk, and shipped to the South. The trunk being unclaimed, the railroad authorities opened it, and on discovering its ghastly contents communicated with the police, and shipped the body back to New York. The history of the trunk from the time it was delivered to the railroad authorities was carefully traced, the expressman was found who had carted it to the station, and it was finally traced to its starting-point, a boarding-house on the West Side. There it was learned that a man had disappeared mysteriously some time before, and on examining the room he had occupied blood stains were found on the sofa, and a knife bearing blood stains was also secured.

Suspicion immediately fell on the murdered man's roommate, but when he was questioned he denied all knowledge of the crime, and no admission could be wrested from him that would help to convict him. The detectives then took the furniture of the room to Headquarters, the trunk, and the dismembered body. They arranged it

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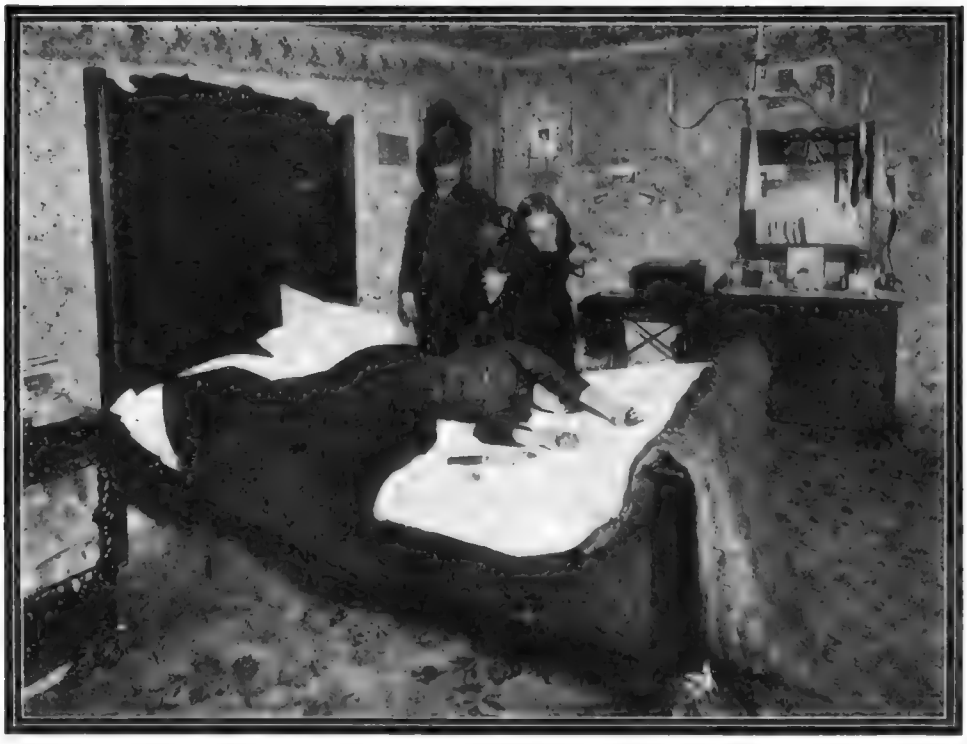

TRAPPED !

The scene of the murder, reënacted for the suspected man, leads to involuntary self-crimination.

all in a room that looked like the one in which the murder had been committed, and placed the mutilated body on the sofa with the severed head facing towards the door. The accused prisoner was then led to the room, and without previous warning confronted, not only with the evidences of the crime, but also with the scene of its enactment. As soon as he saw the body and all the accessories of the murder he fainted. When he revived he confessed his guilt and told how he had committed the deed.

Some time ago a woman who had murdered her three-year-old child was brought to confess after she had stolidly denied her guilt through a long and tedious cross-examination. When the body of the little victim was found the feet were bare, and when Captain McCluskey was examining her trunk, which had been brought to Headquarters, he found a little pair of shoes. The woman had evidently forgotten them, and when the detective suddenly held them before her, and commanded her to explain how they happened to be in her possession, she broke down and confessed her guilt. It was probably some last instinct of motherhood that inspired her to keep them as souvenirs, and the unexpected sight of them roused the maternal feelings that had been dormant during the murderous insanity that had impelled her to commit the terrible deed.

At other times, when two or more have been concerned in a crime, bringing them face to face will frequently work on the mind of one or the other, so as to induce him to turn "State's evidence." Being confronted with the relics of the crime not infrequently convinces the criminal that he has been fairly trapped and induces him to unbosom.

As previously stated, each case is a different proposition, and gives the practical dramatists an opportunity to exercise their technical ingenuity. Of course the limitations of modern methods do not admit

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WORKING ON A SUSPECT'S EMOTIONS.

1. A suspected murderer confronted with an account of the crime in a yellow newspaper. 2. The knife with which a murder was committed suddenly thrust before a prisoner. 3. The spade with which the body was buried shown to a suspect.

of the Third Degree being administered as thrillingly as Scarpia administered it to La Tosca, but a dramatist in search of situations could certainly get some excellent ones if the detectives would but reveal the secrets of their charnel-house.

Perhaps the most novel case of the Third Degree that ever took place at Headquarters was one that was purely accidental. A negro had been arrested for a particularly brutal murder. He had choked his paramour to death, and afterwards dismembered the body. Suspicion pointed very strongly to him, but the most careful "questioning" failed to wring any confession from him, and he was returned to his cell. It happened that a carpenter was working in the court-yard at the time, and after the negro had been returned to his gloomy cell the workman began to plane a board. At intervals the plane struck a knot, and as heard in the cell the sound was like the gasping of a person who was being strangled. The negro immediately began to scream, and when his guards rushed in to learn what was the matter, he said that he was haunted, and asked to be taken back to the chief. He then confessed how he had committed the murder.

But the "Third Degree" is not always successful, even with criminals whose guilt is undoubted. In the case of a man and woman who lured a man to a lonely house, murdered him, and then dismembered the body, which seems to be a favorite method of disposing of victims in New York, the "Third Degree" had no effect, even though it was administered with unusual

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THE LAST STEP IN THE THIRD DEGREE.

The Bridge of Sighs leading from the Criminal Court House to the Tombs.

thoroughness. Each of the prisoners was questioned without knowing that the other was arrested or even suspected. They were separately confronted with the evidences of the crime, and then they were brought face to face, but neither weakened. In the case of the woman the examination lasted for nine hours, but she avoided every trap, and it was not until the strength of the circumstantial evidence at the trial convinced her that further denial was useless that she consented to turn "State's evidence" and sent her accomplice to the electric chair.

After all, the Third Degree is simply a way of fighting the devil with fire that has always existed in one form or another, and the universal tendency is to wink at it rather than to dispense with it altogether. It has been administered in one form or another since the taking of offenders of any kind first began. King Solomon used it when he ordered the child that had been brought before him to be divided between the two women who claimed to be its mother, and as the trick brought out the truth he was much praised for his wisdom. Since that time it has been used by men of power in every land and age, and has been the most distinctive feature of a number of soul-saving persecutions.

At the present time, though it has degenerated, it has back of it the accumulated horrors of many centuries, and has reached a point where it can almost live on its reputation without anything being done. The Third Degree accomplishes more by working on the imagination than if it were a real matter of the thumbscrew and rack.

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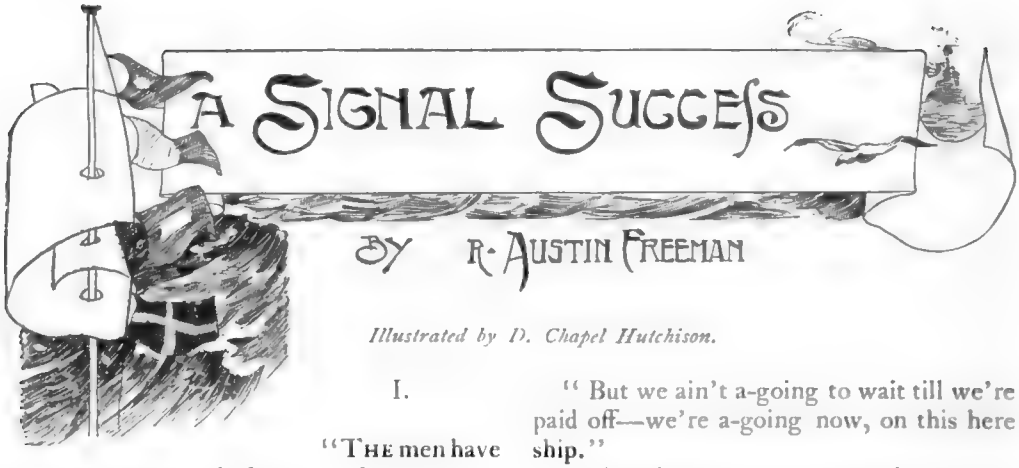

A Signal Success

By R. Austin Freeman

Illustrated by D. Chapel Hutchison.

I.

"The men have come aft, sir, and they say they want to speak to you."

"They want to speak to me, Mr. Jopling, do they?" said Captain Merriman in a tone of surprise. "Do you know what about?"

"I don't, sir," replied the first mate, "but by the look of them I should say there's something brewing."

Captain Merriman dropped the compasses on to the chart on which he had been working out his position, and strode out of his cabin and up the companion-way, followed closely by the mate.

The men were gathered in a knot just by the break of the poop.

"Well, my lads," he called out in a cheery, good-humored voice, "what is it that you have to say to me?"

Joe Salter, the boatswain, stepped forward a pace and cleared his throat.

"Why, d'ye see, Captain Merriman," he said, "the thing's like this here. We've been hearing a lot about Klondike and the fortunes that's been made there by able-bodied workin' men like us, and we've been a-thinkin'—in fact, the long and short of it is, we're going to Klondike ourselves."

"Very well, men," said the captain, "but it's early days to talk of that matter, seeing that we are only four days out from Sydney; moreover, it is no business of mine where you go after you're paid off, so long as you do your duty while you're aboard."

"But we ain't a-going to wait till we're paid off—we're a-going now, on this here ship."

"The deuce you are," exclaimed the captain angrily. "I can tell you, my men, you'll have to settle with me first."

"We're quite ready to settle with you, if you want us to," replied Salter with a grin. "Here, boys, show him your teeth," and, to the skipper's amazement, every man, including the boatswain, whipped out a regulation navy revolver.

"You see," said Salter, "we're ready for anything that may turn up, and I may tell you that we've got all your firearms as well. And look you here, Captain Merriman," he added, "you'd best keep a civil tongue. We're masters of this here vessel, and you've got to obey our orders."

"You'd better think again, men," the skipper said, regarding the men without a sign of irritation—"mutiny is a serious thing, and you have no excuse that I know of; you have good food and comfortable berths, haven't you?"

"Now you needn't try to come round us, you know," said Joe Salter, "with yer argiments. No, we ain't a-makin' no complaints, but wot we says and wot we sticks to is that we're going to take charge of this here ship and we're goin' to employ you to navigate her for us."

"And supposing I refuse?" asked the captain.

"Why, then overboard you goes, and we'll employ Mr. Jopling instead; and if he refuses, overboard *he* goes and we tries Mr. Saunders; and if none of the mates

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"AND LOOK HERE," HE CONTINUED, COMING CLOSE TO THE CAPTAIN, HIS REVOLVER IN HIS HAND, "NO TRICKS, OR——"

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won't do as they are asked, we chucks 'em all overboard and works the bloomin' ship ourselves."

"What do you wish us to do, sir?" asked the first mate with a face like thunder.

"Well, Mr. Jopling," replied the captain, "here are thirty men armed, and here are we four men unarmed. That is the situation, and I am afraid there is nothing for us but to accept it."

"Spoken like a sensible man," commented Salter jeeringly, and without another word the three mates descended on to the main deck and marched forward with the crew.

"What port is it you want to make for?" asked the captain of Salter, who had now stepped up on to the poop.

"The nearest port to Klondike," answered the boatswain.

"That would be somewhere about Cross Sound, I suppose."

"Very well, that will do; you can show it me on the chart presently. You will make direct for Cross Sound, and, when we're a day's easy sail off the land, let me know and I'll tell you what to do next. And see here; if I catch you at any tricks, takin' the ship into any other port or trying to make signals to any other vessel, you're a dead man that very instant."

Captain Merriman nodded, and passed down the companion-way.

That night Captain Merriman retired to his cabin at about half-past nine. Having lit a pipe, he reached down from his small book-shelf a leather-bound volume marked "International Code Signals," and studied it attentively, making a few brief notes on a sheet of paper until, hearing a footstep on the companion stair, he hurriedly replaced the book, turned the paper over, and fixed a meditative gaze upon the tell-tale compass just over his head.

II.

"Put up the helm there and keep her away a point or two. Ease off the lee braces and let her go free."

It was Joe Salter who issued the above orders, notwithstanding that the captain was on deck and was nominally in command of the ship.

Captain Merriman walked to the taffrail and gazed intently at the horizon astern, but could distinguish nothing; as he turned, however, he perceived for the first time a man perched on the main yard looking in that direction, and presently Salter came aft, and, taking the telescope from the companion hatch, ascended into the mizzen top, where he stood observing some object on the weather quarter.

The captain again gazed in the direction in which the boatswain's glass pointed, and presently his practised eye detected a minute gray speck.

He rapidly descended to his cabin, and in a few moments returned with his own glass, through which he examined the object on the horizon. Seen in the field of the telescope the gray speck resolved itself into a buff-painted funnel, from which no smoke issued, and the three masts of a bark with single top-sail yards and no sail set.

"Well, what do you make of her?" asked Salter sulkily.

"A cruiser under steam, I fancy," replied the skipper.

"Englishman or foreigner?"

"English, I think."

"So do I," replied the boatswain; "and look here," he continued, coming close to the captain, his revolver in his hand, "if she comes within speaking distance, you mind what I said. No tricks, or—" and he scowled significantly, and rolled away forward.

"Luff her up again," bawled Salter some ten minutes later, "slack off the weather braces and look smart, my lads. That cruiser is end on again. And get in them stun'sails as quick as you can."

As the ship luffed and presented her broadside to the cruiser, the latter also changed her course and made for a point well ahead of the "Patagonia." This manœuvre was quickly observed by the knot of men who had gathered on the poop to watch the man-o'-war.

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"She's a-headin' us off, Joe; she'll be right aboard us presently," said one of the hands to Salter. "What are you goin' to do next?"

"Do?" repeated the boatswain irritably. "What can you do? If she wants to speak us she'll have to, seeing that she's doing sixteen knots to our eight."

"No, that won't do, Joe Salter," retorted the other. "If any of her people board this here ship it means chokey for us, that's wot it means. Ain't that so, mates?" he continued, turning to the rest of the crew.

"Ay, that's so," was the rejoinder in a growling chorus.

"Well, what would *you* do, Bill Hurst?" asked the boatswain, turning to the first speaker defiantly.

"Why, I'd wear ship and show her our heels," replied Hurst.

"And let her see as we're a-running away from her," sneered Salter.

"Bill Hurst's right," said another of the men. "We'd best wear right away," and this statement was met by a chorus of approval.

"All right! Then wear ship, and be hanged to you!" exclaimed Salter, turning his back to his comrades.

Once more the helm was put up. As soon as this manœuvre was executed, all hands came aft and mounted the poop to watch the cruiser, Salter and the captain keeping her covered by their glasses.

"Hang me if she ain't a-follerin' us," exclaimed the boatswain suddenly; and sure enough, the cruiser's white hull rapidly shortened as she turned right into the "Patagonia's" wake.

An expression of alarm soon made its appearance on the faces of the men, and their anxiety continued to increase in spite of the boatswain's efforts to reassure them.

In half an hour the cruiser had reached a position about one mile away on the "Patagonia's" starboard beam. The crew, ranged along the weather bulwark, watched the stranger for a time in silence.

"There she goes!" suddenly exclaimed Bill Hurst, as two tiny colored specks mounted to the cruiser's peak.

"B. D.,"* commented the captain, putting down his telescope.

"*All* right," exclaimed Salter, turning insolently towards him; "nobody asked you to speak. I reckon every seaman knows what the red burgee and the blue pennant means, seein' as they are always a-flyin' from Lloyd's stations all over the world. Now then, boys, where's the flag-chest?"

"Why, it's kep' in the cap'n's cabin," said Fox, the steward.

"Well, then, get it up here, two of you, and look lively, or we'll have them sending a boat," shouted the boatswain.

Several men scrambled in a hurry down the companion, and in a few seconds the chest was planted on the deck.

"What's our number, you?" asked Salter of the captain.

"There's the code-book in the chest," replied the latter. "You can see for yourself."

"Well, show us where it is," said Salter, handling the book rather foolishly.

The captain opened the book at the list of ships' names and gave it back to the boatswain. "There is the list," he said, "you will find our name among the 'p's.'"

Salter drew a stumpy forefinger down the column of names commencing with "p." "Ah, here we are," he said at length, as his finger became stationary: "'"Patagonia," of London, 1,200 tons, official number 388641. M. P. W. G.' Now, Hurst, you toggle the flags on to the halyards as I pass 'em to you. Here's M," and he fished the ball of bunting out of the compartment labelled "M" and passed it to Hurst—"here's P, this here's W, and there's G. Up with 'em smartly."

Hurst made fast the toggles, and then hauled briskly on the halyards, and the four balls of bunting mounted rapidly to the peak. A smart jerk on the halyards unrolled the four balls simultaneously, and the four brightly colored flags fluttered gayly against the blue sky. The cruiser's signal was instantly lowered, and shortly

* "What ship is that?"

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afterwards a single colored speck was seen to rise to the masthead.

"There goes the answering pennant," observed Salter with his eye to the glass. "Now they've got their answer, they can hook it as soon as they like. Down with them signals and let's stow 'em away."

"I say, Joe," shouted Hurst excitedly, as he gazed intently at the man-o'-war, "she's a-roundin' to. S'help me if she ain't a-headin' straight for us." He picked up the telescope and pointed it at the cruiser.

THE SKIPPER ADROITLY EXECUTED WHAT IS KNOWN TO PUGILISTS AS A LEFT UPPER CUT ON THE UNLOVELY COUNTENANCE OF MR. SALTER.

"Why, dash my eyes, if they ain't a-lowerin' a boat," he exclaimed, turning to Salter.

The boatswain snatched the captain's telescope from his hand and took a long look at the approaching vessel.

Salter, who had observed the knot of red-coated marines climbing into the boat, laid down his glass, and, discharging a volley of oaths and imprecations, strode up to the captain and shook a large and dirty fist in his face.

"You hound," he screamed huskily, "I'll learn yer, I will."

The precise character of the instruction he proposed to offer his commander did not appear, but the latter, having regarded him for a moment with a bland smile, turned to the crew, who were standing looking blank enough by the rail.

"Now listen to me, my lads," he said, "and don't be fooled any longer by that mutinous scoundrel——"

His speech was brought to an abrupt end by a sounding smack on the face delivered by the infuriated boatswain; but before any one had time to realize what had happened, the skipper had adroitly executed what is known to pugilists as a left upper cut on the unlovely countenance of Mr. Salter, who staggered backwards across the deck until he brought up heavily against the binnacle, thereby knocking the breath out of his own body, and driving his elbow through the plate glass front of the instrument.

Captain Merriman was about to follow up the attack, when a rush was made at him, and his arms were pinioned by several of the men. The boatswain picked himself up, and, drawing his revolver from his pocket, roared out in a voice made husky with fury:

"Stand clear there, while I blow his cursed brains out!"

"Here, none o' that, Joe Salter," exclaimed Hurst, sternly. "The stone jug's enough for us; we don't want no running bowlines round our scrags, so you just stow it."

"All right, Bill," replied Salter, conciliatingly, returning his pistol to his pocket.

The captain was thereupon bundled forward and locked up in the forecastle, while the boatswain hurried down into the cabin.

In a few minutes the man-o'-war's boat—a large launch—came alongside, and as the three officers who had come with her stepped on deck, the boatswain, rigged out in a coat and cap belonging to the captain, appeared at the break of the poop and descended to meet them.

Salter's appearance was the signal for the outbreak of an epidemic of grins from the crew of the "Patagonia," which his admonitory scowls and grimaces only served to increase.

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"Could we see the captain?" asked the senior officer, a dry, brown-faced, little lieutenant, addressing Salter.

"Yer could," replied the latter, "if yer was to cast yer eyes on me."

"Oh!" responded the lieutenant, regarding Salter in undisguised astonishment, especially as to his shirt collar and his immense grubby paws.

"Why 'Ho'?" inquired Salter, tartly, upon which the youngest officer, a lanky midshipman, retired to the bulwark and apparently suppressed a sneeze. "For what purpose might you have boarded my vessel?" persisted the boatswain.

The lieutenant glanced at his companions with a puzzled expression, and after a short pause said:

"Our captain thought that perhaps you would be kind enough to allow us to compare our chronometers with yours."

"WELL, I'LL EXPLAIN," SAID CAPTAIN MERRIMAN, REGARDING THE LIEUTENANT WITH A TWINKLING EYE.

"Why, cert'nly," replied Salter, "with pleasure. Where are they?"

"Where are what?" asked the astonished officer.

"Your chronometers. Have you got 'em with you?"

"Good Heavens, no!" replied the lieutenant, in a tone of amazement. "I've brought a hack watch, of course."

"Oh! ah!" responded Salter, in no little confusion. "Well, come along below," and he scuttled down the companion-way, cursing softly under his breath.

"Stay on deck, Woodburn," said the lieutenant in an undertone to his junior, "and keep your weather eye lifting."

"Rather," responded the sub significantly, as the lieutenant and the midshipman followed Salter below.

"Now as to these here chronometers," said the latter, slapping the instruments with his great paw, "which one will you see first?"

"Whichever you please," replied the lieutenant.

"Well, we'll try this one, then," said the boatswain, unfastening the hooks and endeavoring vainly to raise the lid of the case.

"The thing's locked," he muttered, turning crimson. "Here you, Fox."

"Yes, sir," said the steward, thrusting a scared face in at the cabin door with rather suspicious promptitude.

"Go and fetch the key of the chronometers."

"Beg pardon, sir, but the keys is kept inside the cases," said the steward hastily.

"But the cases are locked, you idiot. Go and fetch the keys, and look sharp." Here the boatswain shook his fist and scowled frightfully, and the steward, suddenly comprehending, hurried away.

Barely two minutes had passed before

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this silence was broken by a confused noise from the deck, followed by the scuffling of feet on the companion stairs. As the footsteps reached the cabin door Salter leaped from his chair with a loud curse, and the officer turning round beheld Captain Merriman and the sub-lieutenant, closely attended by a sergeant of marines who carried and ostentatiously clinked a pair of handcuffs.

"How the deuce did you get them to run up that signal?" asked the lieutenant of Captain Merriman when the officers had the cabin to themselves.

"Well, I'll explain," said Captain Merriman, cutting the end off a cigar and regarding the lieutenant with a twinkling eye. "The flag chest, which you may have noticed on deck, was always kept down here. Now, on the night when the mutiny broke out, after the lights were extinguished I had a brief interview with that flag chest, and ventured to make a few trifling alterations in its arrangement. Our number is M.P.W.G., and as it was almost certain that that signal would be made before any other I changed those particular flags. I took M out of its compartment and stuffed D in its place, P changed places with K, W with P, and G with R. Now when Salter got the flag chest on deck and asked me what signal to make and how to make it, I referred him to the code book, where he found our number without any difficulty. I was afraid he would notice the change in the flags, but he never unrolled them, and they remained in a ball until the halyards were jerked.

"Now Salter got the flags out of their compartments quite correctly, but of course when they went up, instead of making 'M.P.W.G., "Patagonia," of London, 1,200 tons, official number 388641,' they made 'D.K.P.R., mutinied.'"

The midshipman fell back in his chair with a bellow of enjoyment as the skipper concluded his recital, while the grinning lieutenant remarked, "Well, Captain, I must say that you've salted their tails very nicely."

MOONSHINE.

Say you love me, sweetheart,
  Love me true;
Since I love you, sweetheart,
  Only you.

Come a little walk, love,
  'Neath the stars,
Watch that naughty Venus
  Peep at Mars.

Peep a little peep, sweet,
  In my eyes,
Love as well as laughter
  In them lies.

Kiss me softly, honey,
  Sweet and long,
Kisses, like cement, dear,
  Make love strong.

Whisper softly, darling,
  In my ear;
Say I am the dearest,
  Far and near.

Clasp me in your arms, now,
  Closer still,
Till my soul is wedded
  To your will.

Oh! the witching star-gods
  Up above,
How they lead poor mortals
  Into love.

Shirley Carr.

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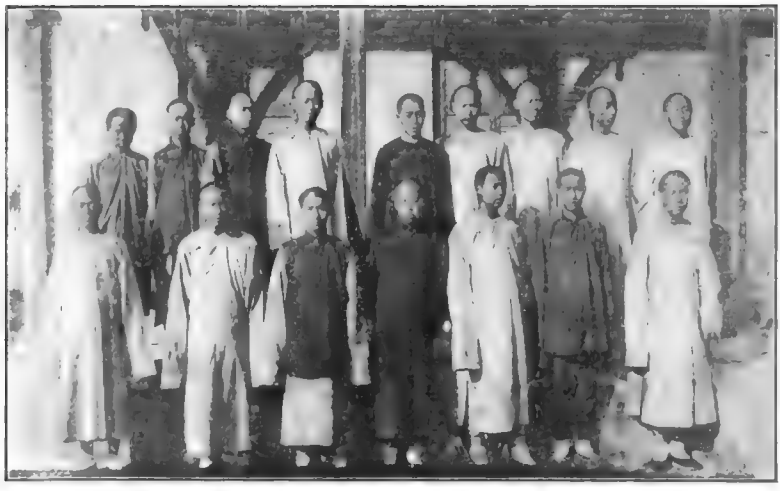

STUDENTS AT THE PEKIN IMPERIAL UNIVERSITY, ESTABLISHED BY THE EMPEROR.

KUANG HSU, EMPEROR OF CHINA.*

By Isaac Taylor Headland,

Of the Pekin University,

Author of "Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes."

Kuang Hsü, the present Emperor of China, has been regarded by various writers as a "fool," an "imbecile," a "crank," and a "genius." As a matter of fact, he is none of these altogether, and yet all of them somewhat. He was "a fool and an imbecile" for not having put the Empress Dowager in "durance vile" when she came in from the Summer Palace and ordered him to sign away his title to the throne; he proved himself to be "a crank and a genius" in all his efforts and determination to obtain a knowledge of the outside world, in spite of his anti-foreign surroundings and conservative keepers and officials, as we shall see by taking a glance at his early life and his attempted reforms.

Kuang Hsü was born in the west side of the Tartar city of Pekin about thirty years ago. His father, Prince Chun, was brother to the Emperor, whose concubine the present Empress Dowager became, and has always been known as the Seventh Prince. On the night of the death of the Empress Dowager's son, who reigned as T'ung Chih, and who was brought to his death, it is variously related, by a foul disease, or by his mother's hand, the real Empress Dowager and the present Empress Dowager went to the home of Prince Chun and took his infant son from his home into the palace, and the next morning, when they announced the death of T'ung Chih, they proclaimed the child Emperor Kuang Hsü, or "Continued Brilliancy," while at the same time they took such measures as would keep the reins of power in their own hands—"their" meaning more particularly the present Empress Dowager. This "Old Lady," as the Chinese call her, has the unenviable reputation of having disposed of her husband, his real wife, her son, and his wife, together with a large number of officials who were opposed to her rule, and if Kuang Hsü should die before he returns to Pekin,

* [There is no photograph of the Emperor in existence—that is, one taken since he was sixteen years old. Any alleged likeness of more recent date is purely imaginary.—Editor.]

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his death will, no doubt, whether justly or unjustly, be laid at her door.

Whatever else may be said of Kuang Hsü, he was a peculiar child. Like all Chinese children who do not get what they want, he would lie down on the dusty, dirty ground and kick and scream until he got it, and this general disposition he retained, if we may credit all the reports which come from the palace, until he was dethroned, since which time he has been as meek as a lamb.

During his childhood, however, he was a favorite with the eunuchs of the palace, and they scoured the city to discover, if possible, toys which were worthy of the royal child. In their search they found two foreign shops, which had been opened in Legation Street, one by an ignorant but very enterprising Dane, the other by a Frenchman. In these stores they found toys to their liking. They were stronger, neater, more complicated, and more beautifully decorated than any they could find in the native shops. Besides, the paint did not come off when Kuang Hsü tried to eat them, and so they became regular patrons of Kierulff's shop, and Kierulff and Europe began to cater to the tastes of the royal child who wore the queue. And in this way a new line of business was opened up in Europe and a new phase of education in China.

As the child grew, we may suppose that it was with the Empress Dowager as it is with every Chinese mother of the better class:

> For her son she calls a teacher
> And she places him in school,
> Where he writes and sings short ballads,
> Studies how to be discreet,
> Loves his teacher and rewards him
> Both with money and with meat.

Certain it is that Kuang Hsü began the study of the "Three Character Classic," the "Thousand Character Classic," the "Hundred Surnames," the "Four Books and Five Classics," as does every other Chinese boy, while his spare moments were regaled with such shows as the "Mouse Show," "Bear Show," "Lion Show," "Dry-land Boat Show," and "Punch and Judy," together with jugglers and sleight-of-hand performers of all kinds, which every Chinese child may see for the small sum of five cents, while private theatricals were called whenever either he or the Empress Dowager wanted them.

As the child grew his tastes developed, but all in the line of foreign toys, and like the great majority of Chinese children—especially boys—he was humored in everything he wanted. There is nowhere where the child is master of the man, woman, and nurse as he is in China.

The toys purchased for him now, however, were of a more complicated and useful nature, and were calculated to stimulate him to some thought, and perhaps lead him to wonder, if it is possible to make a Chinaman wonder at anything which comes from foreign lands. His ordinary method is to look at it with somewhat of interest and concern, but without the remotest shadow of surprise, and then nod his head and ejaculate, "*Shih, wai kuo lai-ti*" (yes, foreign), and look upon this as a sufficient explanation of the whole matter. The toys referred to were in the form of watches which strike, clocks which strike to music, or from which a cuckoo steps out and cuckooes the time of day. I have seen Chinese homes in which there were a dozen or more of the most complicated and wonderful clocks that the ingenuity and inventive genius of Europe has been able to construct, no two of which indicated the same time, and which seemed to have been there for no other purpose than the ticking and music they produced, and I have had reports from the eunuchs that the interior of the palace is furnished in the same way.

But clocks and watches were insufficient to satisfy the tastes of the royal boy. The news of the telephone, telegraph, and electric car had reached his ears, and he was not satisfied until he was talking through one, sending news over the other, and riding about on the third, much as our own children ride on their "merry-go-rounds." Then came the news of the phonograph, and forthwith a number of officials came

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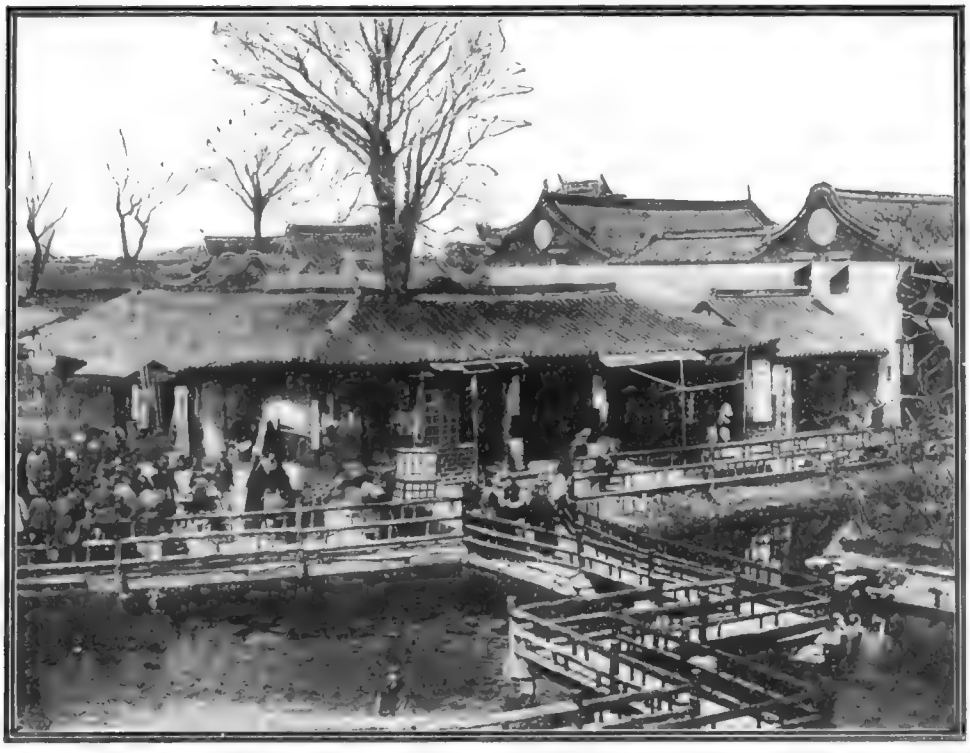

IN THE TARTAR CITY OF PEKIN, OUTSIDE THE FORBIDDEN OR IMPERIAL CITY.

to the Pekin University, and would not leave until we had let them have our phonograph as a present for his boy Majesty. The Danish merchant had sent to Europe and had made for him the most elaborate carriage and sleigh, covered with golden dragons, lined with the richest yellow silks and satins, fitted up with mirrors, foot-heaters, and clocks, and almost worth their weight in silver. Gramophones, graphophones, X-rays apparatus, and everything which modern inventive genius has produced, with the single exception of "liquid air," have been taken into the palace to satisfy the whims or curiosity of Kuang Hsü. A eunuch came, and would not go away until he was allowed to take with him my wife's bicycle, because his Majesty wanted a bicycle, and there was no way out of it but he must have one, so that at the time of the *coup d'état* there were more of the great inventions of modern times in the palace in Pekin than in the home of any other individual in the world. Shut out from all the world by three great walls, he had brought all the world to him, and finally lit up the palace with electric light.

Once more the tastes of the young man took a new turn, and he ordered that English teachers be obtained for him, and forthwith two men from the Imperial College were appointed as his English tutors, the first time in the history of China such a tutor had ever entered the palace, and it was my privilege to teach English to the grandson of one of these tutors, while he in turn assisted me in Chinese, and in this way another source of information was opened up to the palace.

Now it matters not whether Kuang Hsü learned English well or learned it poorly, it is no small matter that a boy, raised up by and with two conservative old women, should, of his own free will, break over the traces of Chinese conservatism to the extent of studying the business language of the outside barbarians, all which had

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been brought about by the toy-business education he had received.

But all this had only been the trying of his wings for greater flights. Kuang Hsü was now a man. The burden of the government of 400,000,000 of human beings was upon his shoulders, and who shall say that he did not realize the importance of the position he occupied?

Five years ago, on the sixtieth birthday of the Empress Dowager, the Christian women of China—Chinese and foreign—presented to her Majesty a New Testament, printed with new and the most approved type, in the most elaborate way. It was bound in silver, enclosed in a silver box, which was again enclosed in a plush case, and this was put in a hardwood box. The next morning after it was presented to her, a peculiar order came to the office of the American Bible Society. It was for copies of the Old and New Testaments, such as were being sold to the Chinese people. The order so excited the suspicion of the agent that he inquired about it, and finally discovered that it was from Kuang Hsü.

At this time I had an intimate friend, a horticulturist and vegetable gardener, who made it a part of his daily business to go into the palace with his wares. He soon discovered that the sentiment of the eunuchs was changing toward him. Whereas they had formerly been independent or indifferent when he mentioned the subject of Christianity, they sought to know all about the subject, and at times detained him all day, even giving him his dinner that he might remain and "instruct" them. On one occasion they gave him three hundred ounces of silver, telling him to use it in his business, and that they would take it out in flowers and vegetables, and at this time the Emperor's private eunuch told him that Kuang Hsü was studying the Gospel of Luke. Had this not been a fact it would have been impossible for the eunuch to have told him, for he would not have known what the Gospel of Luke was. On another occasion this man and another young friend were invited to dine with the eunuchs, and on still another occasion three of the eunuchs came with him to call on the writer, no doubt to get a glimpse of the home of the "foreign devil" in whom the Emperor was so deeply interested.

It was about this time the Emperor made a still larger move. He undertook to obtain for himself all the foreign books which had been translated into the Chinese language, and all those which had been prepared by those versed in foreign affairs. The writer was at that time depositary of the North China Tract Society, as well as in charge of all the books belonging to the Pekin University, and for a month or more there came to him every day from the palace a eunuch to obtain some new book for the Emperor. Nor would he be put off without one. It might be large or it might be small, but he insisted that he dare not return to the palace without something, even though it be nothing more than a sheet tract, which would indicate that he had been diligent in his search. As a last resort I was forced to take the Chinese medical books from my wife's private library in order to satisfy the rapacious appetite of the book buyer. I have occasionally met men who were selling books, from whom it was impossible to free yourself until you had bought one, but never before, nor since, have I come in contact with a man who was so anxious to buy books that it was impossible to free yourself from him until you had sold one to him.

For months the young Emperor studied those books, Christian as well as scientific, and the report came from the palace that the Emperor was going to become a Christian. Ludicrous reports came of his having organized the eunuchs into classes and examined them concerning their faith. For instance, he would ask one:

"Whom do you worship?"

"I worship Buddha."

"No, you don't. Whom do you worship?"

"I worship the God of heaven" (Catholic).

"No, no," impatiently. "Whom do you worship?"

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"Oh, yes, I worship Jesus."

"Quite right."

These were only stories, but they indicated the thought among the people, and as the Chinese say "there is never much smoke without some fire," there is no doubt that the Emperor was spending a large part of his time poring over the books which he had obtained. To say that he had mastered them would be absurd. To say that he had gotten any adequate idea of what they contained would also be to exaggerate; but to say that he had been led to see, from his lifelong playing with toys, dealing in wonderful inventions and machinery, and thus studying these books, that the life, character, thought, and government of the West was far in advance of what it was in China, is putting it, I think, very mildly. And because China was behind the West he desired to start a reform.

It must not be supposed that the young man was becoming a Christian. Whatever his thought might have been, his disposition was the same as it had been when a child—viz., that of a child, whom, the Chinese said, ought to be taken over the knee of the Empress Dowager and "spanked." On one occasion about this time he ordered several of the eunuchs to appear before him; none came, however, except the youngest of the three who had called on me with my horticulturist friend a few weeks before, and as he prostrated himself to *K'e tou*, his Majesty, angered because the others had not come, kicked him in the mouth, cutting his lip and otherwise disfiguring him, and, as my friend told me about the matter, he ejaculated:

A TYPICAL MANCHU NOBLE.

"What kind of a man is that to be the ruler of the people—punishes those who obey his orders?"

We are not trying to describe the Emperor as a Christian, nor even as a great man, nor to accredit him with qualities which he does not possess, but only to present a picture of him which sets forth the man. In disposition he may be peevish, and not without reason, for there are few men who could "kneel and hold the candle on their head" (the Chinese expression for henpecked) for the Empress Dowager for thirty years, without it having a deleterious influence on their dispositions. Kuang Hsü may not have a broad education, or, should we better say, "deep," for his education is broad enough; he may not be a strong character, but he has what is absolutely necessary to the peace of China and the world, and that is *thought which is in harmony with the thought of the West.*

MARQUIS TSENG, AN INTIMATE OF THE EMPEROR.

And now came the last and greatest of

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the acts of Kuang Hsü—the issuing of his reform edicts. While he was purchasing all the books prepared by those in educational work throughout China, there was an old man, Chang Chih-tung, at present the greatest of China's living Viceroys, who was preparing a book which was, and still is, destined to have a mighty influence on China's future history. The book, "China's Only Hope," has been translated into English by Rev. Mr. Woodbridge, was published by the Foreign Office (Tsung li Yamen) in Pekin, was purchased among the others for the Emperor, and is said to have been the book which more than any or all the others inspired him to issue his decrees. In it the Chinese are urged to change their course; foreign ministers and consuls are urged to translate the best books of foreign countries into Chinese; printers in the ports are urged to print large editions of them; the government is urged to establish educational institutions which shall teach the learning of the West, and, indeed, it embodies the germ of all the reform edicts of the Emperor.

The first edict issued by Kuang Hsü was the establishment of a university at Pekin, and at once he set aside a sufficient amount of money for a perpetual endowment. A site and buildings were at once obtained and remodelled, and in three months more than twelve hundred students had registered, all of them among the brightest and best of the empire. The only fear with the authorities was that they would not be able either to house or teach the army of students that promised to be present. The ex-Viceroy, Sun Chia-nai, was put in charge, and Dr. W. A. P. Martin, D.D., LL.D., was made the president. English, American, German, French, Russian, and Japanese teachers were called, together with teachers for the medical and Chinese departments, and everything was prepared to start off on a grand scale. Then came the *coup d'êtat*, and the number of students dropped from twelve hundred to about three hundred and fifty, and I was told before leaving China that the anti-foreign sentiment among these was so strong that the institution might be closed inside of a year.

The Emperor's second edict was to establish agricultural schools in all the provinces of the empire. When one remembers that the Chinese are an agricultural people, but that they plough with a forked stick, one prong of which is pointed with iron, and which only roots up the ground, that they harrow with a brush heap, mark out their ground with a hoe, drill their grain with a gourd in which is fastened a bamboo spout, and cover the grain by rolling a stone over it, and that their grain only grows to the height of about a foot, and they harvest it by pulling it out of the ground, carry it to the threshing-floor on their back, thresh it by rolling a stone over it, clean it by tossing it up to the wind, and grind it by hand, one can easily understand the importance of an edict to establish agricultural schools.

The next edict was to order a bureau of mines, and that steps should be taken to build railroads. This meant the opening up of China to the business of the West, and her salvation from cold and darkness, starvation and stagnation. China's only oil is grease, her only candles are tallow candles, her only lamps are tin cups with spouts to them, or pith floating in oil, except such as she imports from the West. She lives in darkness, not only mentally, but physically as well. The Chinese in the north have no hope of warming their homes. If they can obtain enough cornstalks or weeds to cook their food and at the same time heat their brick bed they rest satisfied. Coal is beyond the limits of their purse. And yet both coal and oil are abundant only a few feet underground; there are armies of men in idleness who would be glad to dig the coal, were it not for the superstition of both the priests and the people.

In the same way, whenever there is a flood or a drought, hundreds and thousands freeze or starve, or both, in one part of the country, while rice rots in the imperial bins and fruits of all kinds decay in the groves and orchards of the south and

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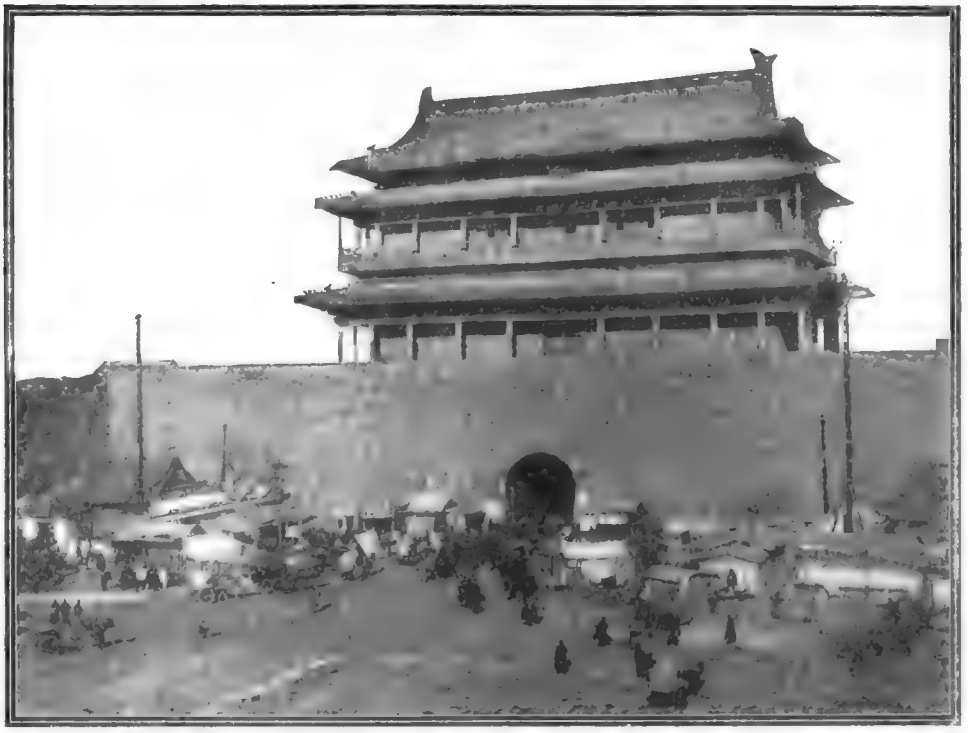

THE GREAT GATE IN THE WALL SURROUNDING THE TARTAR CITY, STORMED BY THE AMERICAN TROOPS UNDER GENERAL CHAFFEE.

west, because there is no method of transportation. It was to avoid conditions of this kind that the Emperor issued his edict for the opening of mines and the establishment of railroads.

Other edicts were for the encouragement of art, science, invention, book making and copyright laws, naval academies and war ships, armies of foreign-drilled troops, and the encouragement of foreign trade, all of which were calculated to put China on a firm footing as a government, and bring her into harmony with the thought of the West. The trouble was that he went too fast.

So long, however, as he confined himself to the establishing of new offices and new boards there was little outcry. Nobody's political head was cut off, so that no one had reason for complaint. When, however, the young man began his surgical operations by cutting off six useless boards in Pekin, and two useless viceroyalties in the south, dismissing the heads of various boards in Pekin because they interfered with the working of his edict, which stated that all who desired to do so might memorialize him with sealed memorials, a howl went up all over the empire which reached the ears of the Empress Dowager. And then the mischief began. The old Empress came in from the Summer Palace, gave a pen to the young man, and ordered him to sign away his throne or—and he is said to have signed it away, since which time he has been Emperor only in name.

One of the most interesting things about the reform of Kuang Hsü was his plan to take a trip to Tientsin. It is well known that the Emperor of China is shut up in the Forbidden City, in which no foreigner is allowed to go except at such times as they have audiences with the Emperor. Kuang Hsü became tired of this imprisonment, and determined to do as some of his ancestors had done, take a trip abroad and see the "great world." It was amusing

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to note the excitement that was caused thereby. The Emperor was going to take a trip of eighty miles on a railroad train, and the whole capital was in an uproar. Great officials ran about like a lot of maiden sisters in a country place when their youngest brother is about to start on his first trip to college. Trains were prepared, a house in Tientsin was gotten in readiness, clothes such as were proper to be worn on the occasion were obtained, everything was in readiness, when —the whole thing dropped through, and the trip was abandoned.

A HAPPY FAMILY.

In conclusion let me say that the hope of China and the peace of the world rests in Kuang Hsü, or in the hands of a man who embodies the principles which Kuang Hsü holds. Until China falls in line with the thought of the West there can be nothing but strife. She is no longer the "Middle Kingdom," standing in the centre of a little world. Those about her are no longer weak barbarians, and the Chinese know it. She must either fall in line or be broken to pieces. To divide her, means constant strife among the Powers of Europe. To preserve her with a monarch on the throne and a party in power which is in harmony with Western thought, means an "open door," "progress," intercourse with the West, and the building up and establishment of the old empire. The question of the day is, shall we divide China among the European Powers, or shall we put in power in China a party which will preserve peace, institute progressive methods, and keep an open door for the trade of the world? Unquestionably the latter is the wisest thing to do. Put Kuang Hsü on the throne. Give him such men as Li Hung Chang, Chang Chih-tung, Liu K'un-yi, Sheng Tao Tai, Prince Ching, and Yüan Shih K'ai, as his old, half-conservative, half-liberal officials who will help him hold the reins of government; give him hundreds of young, progressive officials who will help to carry out the edicts which he issues, and in a few years China will have taken her place among the nations of the world, and there will be permanent peace between the East and the West.

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A TALE OF THE GRIDIRON FIELD.

BY SPENCER FREELAND.

EVERYBODY was at the game. Everybody, from the star full-back of '91, who had brought his pretty wife all the way from Denver to see our contest with the Maroons, to the penniless youths up in the trees outside the overflowing grounds.

The Maroons outweighed us by an average of ten pounds to the man.

Only ten minutes' playing time remained, and not a score was on the board. The Maroons were plainly getting desperate.

"Whipple can't stand that slamming much longer; I'm afraid you'll have to take his place before it's over," said Captain Buckey to me. He was stamping up and down the side lines, waiting for the doctors to revive our full-back after he had been tackled by Bullock, Maroons' two-hundred-and-thirty-pound guard.

A great cheer arose from the mountainous stands of keyed-up humanity as Whipple staggered on his legs again. Through all the furious first half those legs had been our mainstay. Punting, carrying the ball forward when nobody else could, overhauling the flying Maroons as they broke through our hard-pressed line, Whipple—and Whipple only—had never failed us.

The Maroons knew it, and all through the second half they had been trying to put him out of the game.

We had the ball on Maroons' fifty-yard line. Whipple ploughed through the centre for three yards, giving us a first down. Sickler, our left half-back, tried the same place, but was slammed back for a loss. Then Whipple took the ball and went sprinting across the field, our whole team wheeling about and running with him like a beautiful machine. They were rounding left end, sweeping the enemy aside in grand style, when Vic Hardman, Maroons' lightning tackle, got through the interference somehow, and leaping headlong, like a great panther, on our flying full-back, caught him by one knee.

Whipple struggled madly to wrench his leg from the grip of Hardman; next moment both went down under half a ton of surging players.

All rose but Whipple. As they helped him up he tried to stand; then he fell back into their arms, and with him fell our hopes for the championship. They carried him over to the side lines, where, in spite of his injuries, he persisted in remaining to watch the game.

"Your chance has come, old man," said Captain Buckey, approaching me with

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A GREAT CHEER AROSE FROM THE MOUNTAINOUS STANDS OF KEYED-UP HUMANITY.

a face that, in spite of his nose protector and an incipient black eye, was decidedly serious. "Keep your nerve when you get the ball for a punt, and don't fumble."

It was a terrific moment for me. As I pulled my sweater off over my head, it seemed as though my heart was going with it.

I glanced up into the grand stand. Ethel waved her little silken flag to me, I waved my hand to her. Ever since my high-school days Ethel has been my good angel.

"Ready, Captain," said I.

Walking out on the field he put his arm around my neck.

"I was going to give you a little coaching," said he, with a smile.

"Go ahead," said I.

"No," he returned, "the encouragement of that pretty girl is worth more to you now than all the coaches in the country."

We lined up near the centre of the field. It was the third down, and we had to gain four yards on the next down or the ball would be forfeited to the enemy.

The Maroons crouched low; there was a dogged look on the broad jaws of Bullock as he braced his great frame for the play.

"Twenty-seven, nine, thirty-two, five!" shouted Captain Buckey. That was the signal for a punt.

There was fierce work in the line. Our quarter-back shot the tawny oval to me just as Bullock smashed through. The sight of that giant charging toward me, with his wild black hair, dilating nostrils, and eyes glaring like a mad bull's, paralyzed me for a moment. Sickler tried to block him, and was tossed aside like a kitten. I should never have punted then; but with an insane hope that the ball would go safe I kicked it. Bullock leaped high in the air. The pigskin banged against his mighty chest and bounded twenty yards back into our territory, where Vic Hardman fell on it. We had lost the ball and many a hard-fought yard, and it was my fault.

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The Maroons' supporters yelled like fiends. Their colors danced everywhere. I turned a despairing look to a spot in the grand stand; one girl was there waving our colors in the midst of a heaving chaos of maroon.

The play was now on our thirty-five-yard line. By a series of terrific plunges Bullock carried the ball to the twenty-yard line, where Ely, the Maroon half-back, got around our left end for twelve yards more. Then Bullock ploughed through for another five, dragging half our team along with him, and falling within three yards of our goal line.

Captain Buckey, wild-eyed, frantic, shrieking encouragement and commands above the roar of the thousands, had thrown himself into the thickest of those furious Maroon rushes in vain. But on the next play he crashed through their line and downed Bullock before the giant could get under way.

That tackle steadied our whole team. The Maroons gathered around Bullock, and after a moment's consultation formed apparently for a mass play.

As the mass plunged forward and the teams leaped together, I saw Ely drop behind the others, and instantly suspected a trick. Ducking my head, I darted between Vic Hardman—who tried to give me the knee—and Savage, the Maroon end rush, who gave me a glancing shot on the ear with his elbow, and just as the ball was passed to Ely I landed on him. An instant later both teams came down on us like an avalanche.

When the scrimmage was disentangled, Captain Buckey, with the ball under his arm, congratulated me for saving our goal.

It was our ball, and we lined up against the baffled Maroons close to our goal. The ball was sent to me to be punted out of danger. The pass was swift and rather high, but that could not begin to excuse my wretched handling of it. I fumbled and dropped the ball. I picked it up and was diving toward the goal line when Bullock caught me around the waist. It was like being seized in the trunk of a rampaging elephant. Then the whole Maroon herd fell on me back of our goal, gaining a safety touchdown and a score of two points to our nothing.

I MADE THE CATCH . . . I DASHED AHEAD.

Well, I had done it now! With only four minutes' playing time left, what chance had we? The stands were a pandemonium of Maroon exultation. I could never look Ethel in the face after this. There she was, still uplifting our colors—the one oasis in all that howling desert of maroon.

The game was on again. We had the ball, and just two minutes and thirty seconds of playing time, with the Maroon goal ninety yards away. Sickler gained

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one yard at centre, but on the next play Bullock smashed through and whanged me down for a loss.

We lined up with but ninety seconds of playing time. Captain Buckey, knowing we could never rush the necessary five yards on the next down, signalled for a punt. There was a wail of despair in the beaten captain's voice that made me desperate. Utterly regardless now of the charging Maroons, I punted the ball over their heads, with a force that sent it flying far down the field. The Maroon full-back returned the kick; and as the ball came driving through the air, like a swift bird, I saw that it would reach me ahead of the nearest Maroon tackler.

I made the catch, and clasping the precious oval under my arm, I dashed ahead, dodging both the flying Maroon end rushers. Nine other Maroons, including Bullock, Vic Hardman, and Ely, were scattered all the way down the field. I eluded the dive Ely made for me and tore on.

Captain Buckey jumped in from somewhere, running ahead of me, keeping off Maroons. We had raced well into Maroon territory when their big, lumbering centre-rush struck Buckey like a runaway ice wagon, and I flew on alone. As I dodged another Maroon the tail of my eye caught Vic Hardman at my left, shooting himself toward me like a great human catapult, aiming for above the knee, as he had tackled Whipple. With a sudden spring in the air, I hurdled the big, outstretched arms, and then only one man stood between me and the Maroon goal. But that man was Bullock, the giant of the field.

By a flash of inspiration I tried the unexpected. Lowering my head, I ran straight at the blazing-eyed Colossus.

The crowd's frenzied uproar died in anxiety to see whether my sensational run was to end in Bullock's arms or in a touchdown and victory snatched from the very throat of defeat. Almost in the shadow of the towering guard I swerved slightly to the left. As he turned to meet me I switched to the right, the fingers of the great Maroon grazing my canvas jacket as I dashed on.

The multitude burst forth again. Four white lines were still ahead of me; then three, then two, then the goal stood before me.

As I darted between the posts I knew our game was won. Buckey hugged me like a twin brother. I forget whether he kissed me.

To the melody from the lungs of our joy-crazed supporters I kicked an easy goal, making the score stand six to two in our favor.

A few seconds later the referee's whistle ended the game, and the boys took me on their shoulders. The whole world was ringing and blazing with glory!

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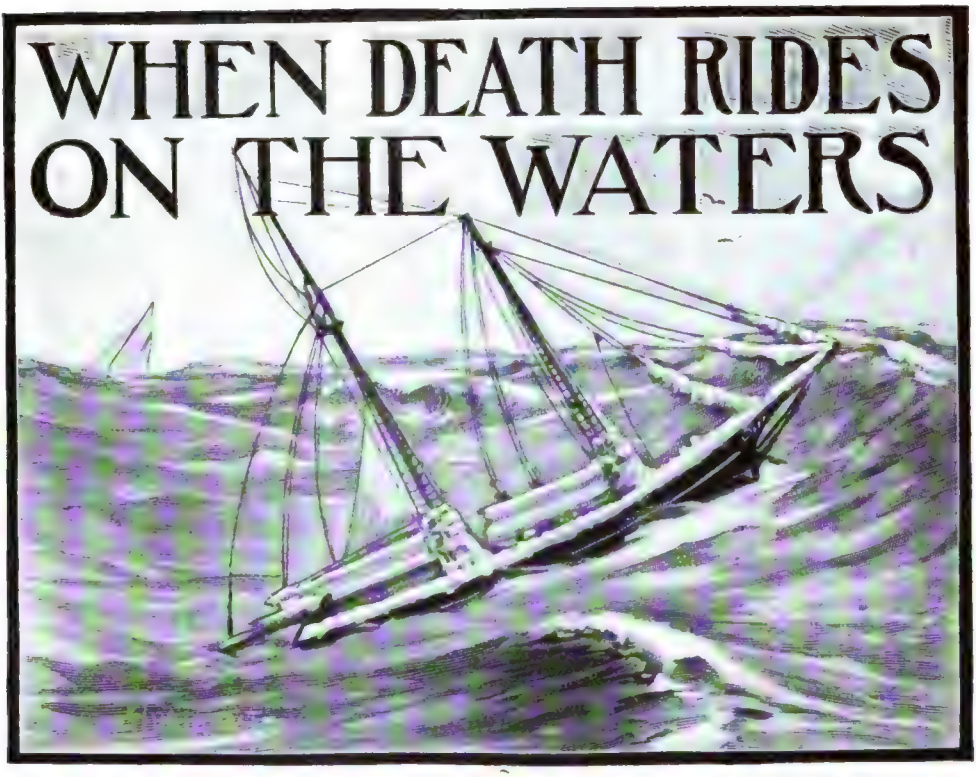
WHEN DEATH RIDES ON THE WATERS



By Captain H. D. Smith, U. S. R. C. S.

Illustrated by Irving Hurlbert.

Men who pass their entire professional lives in actual hand-grips with death learn the tricks of the game early and thoroughly. Therefore, of all men who go down to the sea in ships, the off-shore fisherman is the hardiest, and, in his own line of technique, the ablest. There is no sailor under the American flag who will not admit this—except, perhaps, the fisherman himself. The fishermen have no time to indulge in mere comparisons. They are too busy watching for the next lock-and-trip of their grim antagonist, and in making a living in the scant time between bouts.

Fishermen are of all localities where water exists, and of all sorts and conditions of men. But there is a certain class among them that has its principal habitat along the New England coast from Chatham, Massachusetts, to Eastport, Maine, of which this article is (more especially) to speak. These are the grim fighting men. This is the regiment with the torn colors and the death-roll of awful significance. These are "the Bankers"—the best sailors in the world, bar none, engaged in an occupation probably among the most hazardous known to men, for the recompense of a bare living.

Sixty-five miles southeast of the uttermost rocks of Nova Scotia, and at another locality, a hundred and odd miles east of Nantucket, the ocean floor rises from the depths, and over a space of many square miles spreads itself out into "banks" some dozen fathoms below the surface. These flat, shallow expanses are beloved of fish, and, therefore, of fishermen. They are the feeding grounds of cod and halibut in numbers that cannot be estimated. That to the north is called "The Grand Banks;" that to the south is called "Georges Banks." There are unnum-

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bered others of a similar character, but these two are the largest, and are classical among mariners. They are the greatest fishing grounds in the world.

Let no duck-suited and rod-armed sportsman misunderstand this last sentence. The Banks are no places for "sport." Fishing on these is a business—a business of the grimmest and deadliest earnest. It is a business followed under conditions that make every day a day won from disaster; its details are merely shifting degrees of hardship; its rewards are never great; its reverses followed by nothing less than suffering, and, too often, by the anguish and tears of a desolated hearth. Under these conditions there have grown up a race and a history. The race is known generally under the name of "Gloucester fishermen"—simply because Gloucester is the largest of the "Bankers'" ports. The history has never been well known outside the families of those who made it; it is only to be painted in black; but it has certain high lights of devotion, daring, and sacrifice equalled in brilliancy by those of no other tale on earth.

Like any other battle picture, the contrasts must be vivid and the shadows predominant. For "The Banks" are battle grounds, and the life of the "Banker" a continuous warfare. Yet the soldier has the easier life. He has at least an enemy that can be seen and counted and prepared for, and an enemy that is, after all, only his equal in individual units. But the fisherman fights death in a dozen forms, each superhuman in force. First, there is the tempest itself, and he must affect the most tempestuous waters in the world. Next, there are the treacherous tides and currents, nowhere stronger than where he must be. He cannot have the safeguard of sea-room; the fish hug the shore-line pretty closely, and it is upon the fish that he must live. His best season is from November to March, at the very time that the Storm King holds his carnival, with King Cold as a prominent guest. Can you fancy a vessel of a hundred tons burden in a northeast gale *with snow*, a hundred and fifty miles off the Labrador coast?

Storm, cold, hunger, stranding—these are risks that the fisherman takes with comparative indifference. There is a worse danger yet—the swift, insidious, treacherous, deadly *fog*—not only a danger of itself, but the ally of all the other dangers. Like one of a band of assassins, the fog blinds the victim for easy destruction by the rest. And the waters where the fish are most plentiful is the very home of fog. The sailors say that fog "is made on the Banks."

To add another element of danger—as if there were not enough already—the lanes of the ocean liners pass directly over the Grand Banks, and so, in addition to the usual perils of the sea, the fisherman must do his work under something akin to certain land risks. As a railway section hand must work with one eye "lifting" for trains, so the fisherman has never a moment free from the risk of destruction by some twenty-knot steamship passing over the very waters where he works. In clear weather this danger disappears; but when the fog comes—! The section hand can *see* and can dodge. The fisherman can do neither. He can only ring his tiny bell, or bang his futile tin pan, or spark away with his foolish little flare—about as useful in a thick fog as a match struck in the depths of space. He can only do these things—and take his chances.

The story of the Banks fisherman begins almost coincidently with the beginning of American history. And it is punctuated with disaster from its initial sentence. The city of Gloucester alone can furnish from its marine records enough of these to make a dozen grewsome articles, and Gloucester is only one—albeit the largest—of many fishing ports. The rocky shores of Cape Ann can account for enough shipwrecks to make the reader think that shipwreck must be the accepted thing among fishermen; yet Cape Ann shores are only a small stretch along the wreck-dotted coast-line. It is scarcely an exaggeration to state that every projection of land and rock along the rugged promontory has its grewsome tale of death and disaster—scenes of shipwreck carrying

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A VESSEL OF ONE HUNDRED TONS BURDEN IN A NORTHEAST GALE, OFF THE COAST OF LABRADOR.

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additional weight of woe to the horror-stricken relatives and friends, who are usually unable to respond to the call of the struggling seamen, beseeching aid, perhaps in sight of the smoke from their own chimneys. From Norman's Woe on the extreme south, to Gallop's Folly on the north, are barren reefs and jagged rocks with each its separate tale of disaster to record. In 1796, the ship "Industry" of Boston and her entire crew were lost at Little Gull Harbor, the first of a horrible list. In 1829, the ship "Persia" was wrecked on Eastern Point, and almost all hands lost. In 1839, a score of men were lost in a terrible gale that swept Gloucester Harbor itself.

Gloucester fishermen have sailed all seas, and their bones have bleached beneath the waters of both hemispheres. The courage and patriotism of the men were proven in the dark days of the Revolution. Sixty wives were made widows, and scores of children fatherless, by the loss of the privateer ship "Gloucester," in 1777. The "Cumberland" carried down many of these brave men in 1778, and a large number were lost in the "Tempest," in 1782.

In the last forty-six years the fishing losses of Gloucester have amounted to 333 vessels, of a value of $1,361,300, and 1,590 lives, or an average annual loss of seven vessels and thirty-five lives. For the past five years the average annual loss has been eighteen vessels and 114 lives. In a single year (1873), thirty-one of her vessels sailed to return no more, and 174 of her fishermen were laid in sailors' graves. In a single storm, nine Gloucester vessels succumbed to the gale, and 128 fishermen met their doom.

In another storm, on the night of February 24, 1862, fifteen Gloucester vessels disappeared forever, and 120 men were swept out of existence, leaving seventy widows and 140 fatherless children to add their mourning to the never-ending sorrows of this stern, sad, gray old town.

Most of the fishing on the "Banks" is done with "trawls." A trawl is a very long line, which is buoyed or anchored at each end. From this line depend several hundred shorter lines, armed at the lower end with sinker and baited hook. The fish hook themselves. The fishermen attend to the trawls in dories—flat-bottomed, slope-sided boats, awkward and ugly in appearance, the evolution of years of experience with dangerous seas,—and, when properly handled, the safest small boat in the world. In their dories the fishermen leave their anchored vessel, find the end of the trawl-line, and pass along its length, pulling up each of the depending lines in succession, taking off the captured fish, and rebaiting the hooks. It is hard, monotonous, dangerous work. It is oftenest performed in high, rolling, combing seas, at considerable distance from the schooner-home, and a moment's inattention or carelessness may be fraught with disaster. Remember it is generally done *in winter*, too! Fancy, ye soft-palmed, shore-going citizens, the handling of a half-mile trawl-line—hauling up, unhooking flapping fish, rebaiting hooks, and rowing eternally, with the spray flying, the boat swinging up and down on twenty-foot rollers, and the thermometer at twenty degrees below freezing point! Fancy how the wind cuts and the hard line bites the ice-numbed fingers! And fancy, if you can—for few who live know what it is, and none can tell it—your sensations when, after a day's work of this kind, the fog shuts in, or the cutting wind is filled with snow, *and you cannot find the schooner!* Picture yourself in a ten-foot dory, two hundred miles from shore, with night coming on, a gale brewing, the snow thickening every instant, and you utterly; hopelessly, despairingly *lost* on the face of the waters! Instances like this have been not only frequent, but almost *common* among trawlers.

Instances are on record of many a heart-breaking trip—for days and nights—of men without food or water, who, faint from unremitting labor at the oars, were eventually saved by some passing vessel or tersely logged—"lost in the fog";—without recounting the terrible details of suffering, of alternate flushes of hope or spasms of

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despair which must have been experienced ere they found relief in death.

The stories of such experiences, in the rare cases in which they have become known, are told with remarkable simplicity and lack of color; but they are stories that carry their own proof, and they contain accounts of such suffering, coupled with such inconceivable endurance, that they stand unique among tales of real life. And how often, too, can the listener detect the living light of a heroic deed flashing through the gloom of the story. Told in monosyllables, often reluctantly, the mere bare bones of the experience given, yet there comes now and then, in an incidental comment or a casual parenthesis, such a heaven-born glory of unselfishness! Such things are received among fishermen themselves without remark. It was to be expected. To give to one's dory-mate, at one's own risk of death, the last drink of water, or the tub, or the mittens or the coat that will save him from freezing, apparently calls for no more comment among fishermen than would your act in giving a friend your last match for his pipe.

From the incidents mentioned below—a few only, from a long list—the reader may get some new ideas of what their fish has cost the fishermen in suffering, as well as of what the word "devotion" may sometimes cover. The experiences are given as nearly as possible as you would hear them from the actors themselves; no attempt is made at embellishment, no effort at embroidery. If any change is made from the simplicity of the original story, it will be only that the shore-going reader may get a better idea of the condition that the fisherman would express by such phrases as "It come on to blow," and "It shut in thick."

Two fishermen left their vessel, on Georges Banks, in May, 1869, in a dory, to haul their trawls. A heavy thunderstorm sprang up, compelling them to run before the sea off the Banks. They threw the halibut overboard, except one, which was relied upon for food. After eating a little it made them sick, and it was thrown into the sea. They drifted from Wednesday until Saturday night, and had abandoned all hope of being saved, when a light was discovered a few miles ahead, for which they pulled. It proved to be the schooner "Henry Clay." During the time they were in the boat they had been exposed to a steady fall of rain, sleet, and snow, and *were frequently capsized*. One fisherman had his feet badly frozen, the other his arms and body. But they survived to relate their story of peril and suffering.

A schooner, "Neptune's Bride," was wrecked on Malcomb's Ledge, Maine, September 22, 1860. Twelve of her fourteen men were drowned by the swamping of the boat in which they attempted to reach the shore. One man, Henry Johnson, managed to regain the boat. It was full of water, but there was a bucket under a thwart and a coil of rope. He commenced to bail, managing to keep the boat afloat, although water continued to pour over the sides. A hogshead tub from the vessel drifted down to the boat, and this he secured amidships, helping the boat to ride easier. When tired of bailing he would crawl into the tub, and when that filled he would return to the boat and resume bailing. He knew not whither he was drifting in the gloom and the heaving sea. About noon, a schooner sighted the boat and rescued the sailor more dead than alive. The only other survivor of the crew secured a resting place at the foremasthead, where for eighteen hours he endured greater agonies than meeting death. The seas reached to his waist, while the driving rain beat upon his bare head and face. The pangs of hunger and thirst almost induced him to give up the struggle, but he held on with feet and hands chafed and raw, until he was finally discovered by two fishermen on Seal Island, who rescued and tenderly cared for him, pending his ultimate recovery.

It was in October, 1874, that two fishermen left their vessel to visit their trawls. Soon it "breezed up" and a thick fog shut in. They could hear the shouts of their companions, but all efforts to reach the vessel were unavailing. It soon commenced to

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rain, and they made up their minds to make the best of it during the night, in the hope of finding their vessel in the morning. They improvised a drogue by which the dory was kept head to the sea. The day finally dawned, but the thick fog continued, lifting at intervals, but revealing no friendly vessel to give its assistance. The next day was foggy and they drifted steadily to the eastward. It rained during the night, and they caught some fresh drinking water in a trawl tub. On the third day they rowed to the northwest in hopes of getting in the track of steamers. The fog still continued, nothing was sighted, and another night was passed in suspense. The men were losing heart, and the first night out one of them had contracted a severe cold, with such constant trembling of his limbs that he could not sleep. The morning of the fourth day was clear and moderate, which restored their courage, and, although quite weak, they rowed to the westward, maintaining a good lookout for vessels. When the sun went down that night their hearts went with it, as the chances of escape appeared all but hopeless. The fifth day was foggy, and they rowed a couple of hours, but they were too much reduced by weakness to maintain the task for any length of time. The sixth day the dory drifted at the will of wind and sea. The seventh day was foggy, yet, singular to state, the men's courage revived. They had drunk sparingly of the water, and it seemed to allay the cravings of hunger to a certain extent. They rowed about three miles and again allowed the dory to drift. The sun went down for the eighth day, and they watched the horizon in the early evening hours with eager, burning glances. They realized that they could not hold out much longer. They talked of their chances, as men will do when facing a great danger, and they agreed that another twenty-four hours of suffering would end their struggle for life; and both men, in the silent depths of their hearts, prayed to their God that they might be rescued before morning. This was about 9 o'clock P. M. Soon afterwards one of them thought he heard the noise of a steamer and raised his head above the side of the dory. To his intense joy he beheld the lights of a steamer not fifty yards distant. The dory had been sighted from her bridge, and the men were quickly transferred to comfortable quarters and every care bestowed upon them. They recovered and were safely landed in New York.

A very singular circumstance connected with this incident is that, *at nine o'clock that evening*, the master of the steamer altered his course half a point to the northward. If he had not done so he would have missed the dory, and in all probability the two men would have perished. Certainly, the hand of Providence seemed to have directed the steamer in response to the appeals of the half-crazed fishermen for succor.

The gales which swept over the fishing banks on the 9th and 16th of December, 1876, were terrific. All who were exposed to them and returned to port affirmed that, in all their experience, nothing was ever encountered which could compare with the force of the winds and waves. These gales swallowed up ten fishing vessels, and ninety-eight men were buried beneath the treacherous seas.

The schooner "A. H. Johnson," G. A. Johnson master, encountered the gale on the night of the 7th of December. At seven o'clock the schooner was anchored thirty miles to the westward of Sable Island. The wind blew a hurricane with an ugly sea running. The cable parted twice, a tremendous sea boarded her which destroyed five dories, broke the fore-boom and gaff, carried three hundred fathoms of cable to leeward, and badly injured one of the crew. The schooner was run before the gale and the next morning it abated, so that sail was made and course shaped for home. On the morning of the 18th a disabled brig was sighted with a bark close by. Captain Johnson concluded he would not be needed and was about to keep on, when he was seized with a strong impulse to board and examine the brig. Something seemed to urge him forward, and manning a dory with four of his best men, he pulled alongside. She proved to be coal-laden and abandoned. Sail was made on the

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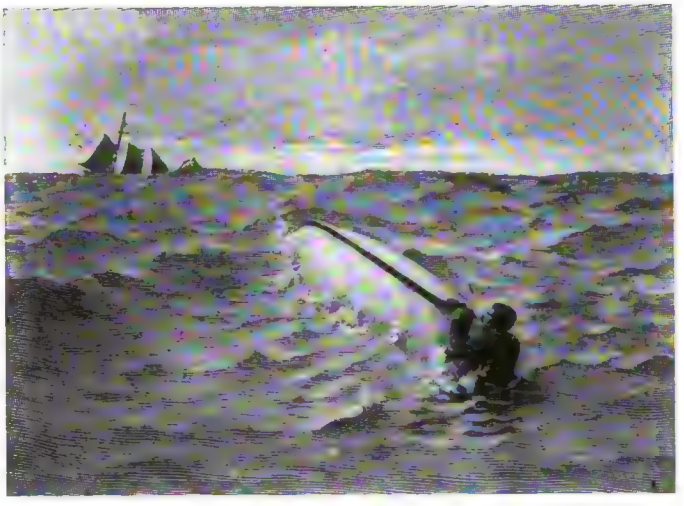
brig, and soon after an object was seen far ahead, resembling a man floating on a cake of ice. Captain Johnson signalled the schooner to look after it, and discovered a man was clinging to the bottom of a boat painted white. He proved to be the mate of the bark "Seawood," who, with three men, had boarded the brig and, upon their return, were capsized alongside. Two of the men succeeded in getting on board the bark, leaving the mate and a seaman in the water. They both clung to the boat; the bark drifted away, and when the rescuing boat was ready the men were not to be seen. After cruising around for some time the search was abandoned. The cold was intense, with a heavy sea, and for two hours the men battled for life on the submerged boat, with the water up to their breasts, the sea beating over them, and the cold griping their vitals. It was a terrible struggle, and the seaman succumbed, slipping off the boat and disappearing in the darkness. As related above, the suffering mate was finally taken on board the schooner and cared for, escaping, strange to relate, serious injury. Had Captain Johnson kept his course, and resisted the strong impulse that took possession of him, the mate would have perished, as he could not possibly have held out many minutes longer. Who can account for such a premonition?



IT WAS A MAN CLINGING TO THE BOTTOM OF A BOAT PAINTED WHITE.

One afternoon in February, in the early eighties, a dory, with two men, left a small Gloucester trawler on duty. The schooner was anchored about sixty miles southeast of the Virgin Rock. It was a bright, clear, crisp day.

As the afternoon wore on, the wind shifted suddenly from the northwest to the eastward, and began to freshen. The sky became overcast, the sea rose, the air was bitterly cold, and a few flakes of snow fell. The two men, recognizing their danger perfectly, at once dropped work and rowed for the schooner, some three miles away. Before they had gone half the distance a furious snow squall swept down upon them. The schooner was instantly blotted out of sight. They were experienced men, and kept the boat headed in the schooner's direction as well as they could, but they could make little headway against the wind and waves. The first squall was succeeded by another and another, and finally the wind settled down to a steady blast that soon rose to the proportions of a full gale. The storm of that night destroyed five vessels of the fishing fleet, including the schooner to which the men belonged.

It was bitterly cold—the cold of a northeast gale on the open ocean in February. One of the men (who told me this story upon the distinct understanding that his name should not be mentioned) had a heavy overcoat; his mate had a light one. He gave the heavy coat to his mate "because he felt the cold." Note the glorious simplicity of the statement.

The mate curled up in the boat and tried to keep from freezing, between periods of frantic baling. The other, the narrator, stuck to the oars. The sea be-

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came very high. Nothing but a dory, occupied by experienced men fighting for life, could have lived in it and not even that, for long. A heavy sea combed over and half-filled the boat. My narrator kept on rowing, expecting his mate to bale, but the mate lay still. "I thought he was gone," said the man who told me this, "so I baled her out myself; and I don't know how she kept afloat."

He found that his mate still lived, but was insensible from cold. Something had to be done, and quickly. There were two tubs in the boat, to hold fish or, perhaps, the trawls. This man, in that awful gale, with the boat momentarily in danger of swamping, succeeded in getting his mate's legs into one tub and in putting the other tub over him, so that he was at least partially protected. He then went on rowing and bailing, and freezing. He knew that he could not last long.

"I felt somethin' bump against the bows, and I put my hand down over the side and just ketched hold of a trawl buoy. I made the painter fast to the buoy, and let the boat ride to it. The buoy just broke the top of every wave, and the two parts swep' down clear of the boat—see? I kep' rowin', though, to keep warm—it was awful cold. I thought some of takin' my coat back, for I thought my mate was dead, sure; but I guessed I'd let him have it—he might be alive. I kep' on rowin' till I saw daylight, and then I went off asleep and woke up in a bunk."

He was rescued by a French fishing schooner at a tremendous risk to the rescuing party. He is a yacht captain to-day. "Got enough fishin' that night," he says. His mate was dead when found, and frozen stiff.

The story of Howard Blackburn, who is known, even in Gloucester itself, as "the hero fisherman," is, perhaps, familiar to readers of this article, but it cannot be told too often. Of all the Gloucester tales, there is none to compare with it for the almost incredible record of physical endurance and of devotion to a mate.

On the 25th of January, 1883, the American fishing schooner "Grace L. Fears" was lying at anchor about thirty miles from the southwest coast of Newfoundland. She was in quest of halibut, and in one of the dories Howard Blackburn and Thomas Welch, young men whose lives had become accustomed to hardship, danger, and exposure, were busy at their avocation. When they left the schooner it was calm but beginning to snow. Soon after the wind sprang up from the southeast, and the snow increased, rendering it impossible to distinguish objects beyond a few feet. For some time they pursued their labors, and the wind, shifting in a squall to northwest, placed the dory to leeward of the vessel, and, in the obscurity, the men completely lost their bearings, adding materially to the dangers surrounding them.

They pulled to windward, keeping a lookout for some indication of their vessel, but neither bell nor horn could be heard, and, wearied with their efforts, the boat was anchored. They remained at anchor for about three hours, darkness shutting in and the snow ceasing meanwhile; and away up to windward the

HE SAT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BOAT, WITH THE HISSING SEAS BREAKING ABOUT HIM, AND WITH THE FORM OF HIS DORY MATE STRETCHED IN THE STERN.

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glimmer of the schooner's riding light was discerned. It infused both hope and courage into their chilled hearts, and, seizing the oars, they pulled vigorously toward their haven of hope. But the force of the increasing gale was too much for them, while the seas began to break with additional strength and fury.

The anchor was again thrown out, but, from the force of the wind, failed to hold, and the dory drifted to leeward. Occasionally, as they rose on a crest of a sea, glimpses were caught of the torchlight signal, growing more and more indistinct.

All through the long hours of that terrible night it required constant care and vigilance to prevent the boat from being swamped. Frequently the dory would nearly fill, while the bitter cold of the searching blast penetrated to the very vitals of the two men and incased with ice all portions of the boat that were not completely immersed.

The gray, cheerless dawn brought no relief, no hope. The vessel was nowhere to be seen ; not a solitary sail was in sight —nothing but the snow-laden clouds and the foam-flecked seas rolling about them. They pulled before the gale until compelled to heave to with a drag. A sea carried Blackburn's mittens overboard and his hands soon began to freeze, his fingers stiffening in the icy grasp of the storm, giving proof positive of the terrible fight he had before him. Finding that he was fast losing control of his hands, he grasped the oars, and, squeezing his fingers into a curved position around the handles, allowed them to freeze, so that he would be able to hold the oars and pull when the time arrived for the struggle.

All day and the following night the boat rode and drifted with the drag out, while their utmost strength was called into action to keep the dory clear of water. Welch had kept up, and his heart was stout, but the awful suffering and strain told at last. He could not perform his part of the work; his mind wandered, and it was soon apparent he was dying ; at six o'clock, in the gathering gloom and roar of the gale, the spirit took its flight. Blackburn was now left to battle alone. He placed the dead man in the stern and made an attempt to put on his mittens, but his hands were too swollen and distorted. He sat in the middle of the boat, with the hissing seas breaking around him, and with the form of his dory mate stretched in the stern. He fought for his life through the long, agonizing hours of the night.

Another day dawned, and the wind having moderated somewhat, the drag was hauled in, and he pulled for the land. The wisdom of having allowed his hands to freeze in a curved position was now apparent, for, though there was no feeling in the rigid fingers, he was able to grasp the oars with sufficient firmness to row. But the friction of the oar handles wore away the frozen skin and sinews, which crumbled and fell away like powder. He rowed all that day till night. He had sighted land, but as darkness shut in and the land was still far away, he threw out the drag. It blew hard all night and was bitterly cold, but he kept himself awake by turning his back to the wind and, with his arms around a thwart, working backward and forward all night. Had he allowed himself to doze, he would have been frozen stiff in fifteen minutes.

Early the next morning the bleak, barren cliffs of Newfoundland's coast greeted the anxious gaze of the half-frozen man. The dory was headed for them, and all day long, hungry, thirsty, and tormented by sufferings, he clung to the oars, pulling steadily. The wind had decreased and, as night again shut in, the drag was thrown out until the next morning, which was Sunday. That day broke calm and clear, and the oars were taken up with renewed vigor. He got into the tide rips of a river, caught sight of a house, with no signs of life around it, and pulled by slowly up the stream against the tide. Unable, however, to maintain the labor in his weak state, he returned to the house he had sighted, landed, and secured his dory.

The house was destitute of furniture beyond a rough table and a bedstead, with some fishing nets hanging from a beam. The snow was knee-deep on the floor. He

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prepared to lie down on the rickety frame of a bed, with nets for a covering, but the torments of thirst would not allow him to rest. He ate snow, and walked up and down all night. The following morning he found the dory had swung round on the rocks, her timbers were stove, and the body of Welch, in its winding-sheet of ice and snow, still lying on the bottom boards. With great exertion he got the body in his arms, but in stepping ashore it slipped and fell in the water by the landing, where it sank in about twelve feet. He resolved to recover it as soon as circumstances would admit. He repaired the dory as well as he could and, as the worst fracture was above the water line, he determined to leave the place and risk all in pulling to the eastward, in which direction he had seen some vessels standing. He concluded a harbor must be near by. He pulled three miles to a bay, near which he saw two vessels in the offing, but he failed to attract their notice.

So he returned to his starting place, disheartened and despairing, and headed his dory up the stream on the evening of the fifth day after leaving the schooner.

He finally noticed three little houses which he had failed to discover before. For two and a half hours he struggled against the tide, finally reaching the ice near the front of the houses. It was a moonlight night, and he was seen by some people who came down to the edge. Blackburn gave them an idea of what had happened, and was asked to go to the house near by, but would not consent to do so until he was assured that the dead body of his friend should be properly cared for. He received every attention possible from the kind people, undergoing agonies untold while the frost was slowly drawn from his hands and feet. No medical aid was obtainable, and it was extremely difficult to communicate along the coast. But word was finally lodged with the American consul at St. Johns, who furnished some much-needed articles. The people were poor, and had shared their all with the unfortunate man. Their children were crying from hunger, and starvation threatened them all when succor arrived from a steamer that had been delayed in the ice.

In the early spring Blackburn made his way along the coast, and left the town of Burgeo for Gloucester, where he arrived in safety. A subscription was raised for his benefit, from which about five hundred dollars was realized. He started in business, refusing to accept further contributions, and has succeeded in supporting himself up to the present time.

GUITAR AND I.

THEY told me when he sailed away
  I'd say good-bye to him for ever;
They thought to lead my love astray,
  And two fond, trusting hearts to sever.

But we've been true, Guitar and I;
  We still believe he'll not forget us;
No words our love shall falsify,
  Whatever storms of doubt beset us.

My fingers falling on the strings
  Recall his voice in sweetest measure;
The simple flow of music sings
  That Love is still our only treasure.

PHILIP HEMERY.

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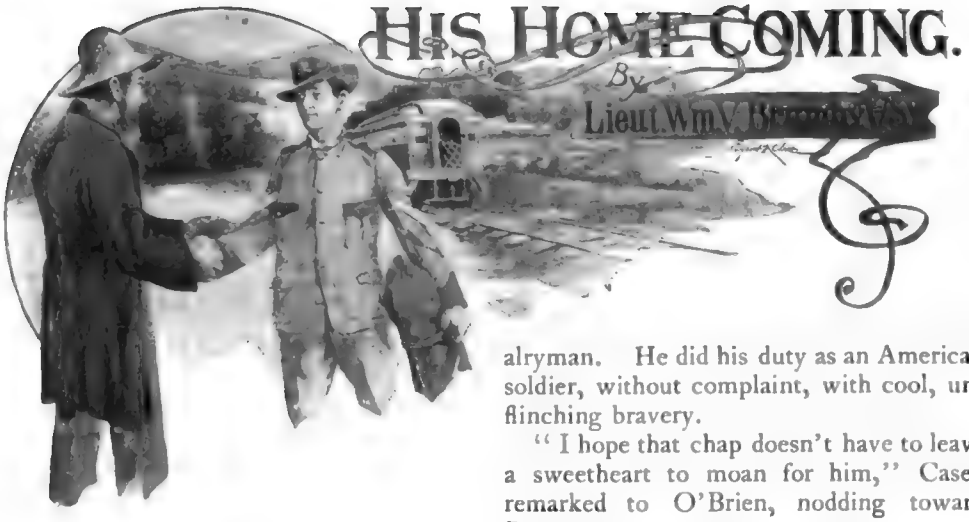

I.

One afternoon in June, 1899, at a little village in northern Alabama, the train paused a moment as if to gasp for breath.

One passenger shuffled off at Belton. He wore a khaki uniform, with sleeves adorned by the yellow chevrons of a sergeant of cavalry. As the train lunged forward, a roll containing his wardrobe, wrapped in a rubber poncho, was swung over to him and caught by one end, while the other was grasped in the rough, brown hands of an old man, whose manner and appearance bespoke him an impoverished gentleman farmer. Sergeant Robert Baxter, Eleventh United States Cavalry, embraced his father.

The lengthening shadows of the mountain peaks were slowly gliding across billows of corn in the valley when the Baxters began their journey from the station to a small dwelling on the crest of the range.

"Yes," said Robert, "I was pinked by a Mauser at Malolos. They didn't think I could pull through, and when I rallied, they sent me home to recuperate."

Fourteen months previously young Baxter enlisted in the regulars because the Alabama volunteers were all infantry—"dough-boys," as Sergeant O'Brien called them—and the youth preferred being a cavalryman. He did his duty as an American soldier, without complaint, with cool, unflinching bravery.

"I hope that chap doesn't have to leave a sweetheart to moan for him," Casey remarked to O'Brien, nodding toward Baxter.

"How do you know he has a gal?"

"Well," Casey replied, "I saw him write three letters. Two of them he sent to the rear to be mailed, but the third he pinned in his shirt. The pin he used is a gold bridle-bit, and I will bet two bits that somebody holds the bridle. That letter is to be his last in case he cashes in his chips."

O'Brien grunted. They were in the trenches.

The Eleventh Cavalry, like other commands debarking from transports returning from Santiago, presented the appearance of a canebrake after the ravages of a severe drought.

Robert Baxter and Sergeant O'Brien were among the few fit for duty, and this fact prevented Robert from obtaining a furlough in order to visit his father.

"The captain has been detached on recruiting service, and we have been detailed to go with him," O'Brien called to him one morning soon after their arrival.

Three days later found a new recruiting station open in an Indiana city, with Trooper Baxter standing in the door. The postman entered and handed him a letter which had followed on the first mail from camp. Upon tearing it open, the second paragraph he read gave him a sensation:

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"Ruth Chambliss," it ran, "has gone to New York, and her mother tells me she will stop at Camp Meade. I presume you will see her, if you haven't already. She wrote her mother that she would look you up."

All preparations for departure were hurried, and when Baxter and O'Brien reported at camp, the Eleventh Cavalry's heavy equipment was being shipped to New York to load on a transport. In two days the troopers were storing their personal effects aboard the big ship in East River.

Robert obtained permission from his commanding officer to be absent for a short time, and hurried to the street where Ruth was visiting. But he had lost the memorandum of the number of the house. Time was limited; he could not possibly locate the place; dejectedly he returned to the pier.

A large crowd surged about the transport, and Robert found his comrades exchanging farewells with friends. He had none there. Coming towards them presently, a trooper, laden with bulky equipments, caused a path to open through the crowd. In an instant the opening closed, but in that instant the vista revealed to Robert's eyes was of intense interest.

Several dapper fellows with shoulder straps were talking to a bevy of handsome young women. One of the group was Ruth Chambliss.

Elbowing his way toward the spot where he had seen her standing, he stopped and peeped over the shoulders of persons in the intervening space. There she was, her profile turned in his direction, laughing and chatting with a grizzled major. Robert could go no farther. To have approached Ruth and spoken to her while the major engaged her in conversation would have been a breach of discipline on the part of the man in the ranks, even though he were as well born and bred, and, in civil life, the officer's equal.

"I don't believe she wants to see me now," he concluded, turning and making his way to a quiet spot on deck, where he stretched himself upon a pile of sail cloth.

"Say, you blooming Indian, I've been chasing through the mob for you for an hour. Major Whimple told me to tell you a young lady had asked to see you. Come on."

Robert jumped up to join his comrade, when another trooper approached, wearing his side-arms.

"Baxter, you've been detailed as clerk at headquarters. The colonel needs you now. Report at once."

"All right," he responded to the orderly, then turned to his first messenger: "Tell Major Whimple why I couldn't come at this moment."

"Did you see Miss Chambliss, the pretty Southern girl, when we pulled away?"

The speaker was Major Whimple, addressing a young lieutenant, who nodded in assent. Robert was close enough to hear, as the Major continued:

"I noticed all her glances were for the lower deck, where I believe she has a friend among the men. I forget his name. She sent for him, but he was on duty."

II.

"SAY, Cub, you mope around here looking like a Siwash Indian without the price of a drink," O'Brien said to Baxter one day on the long voyage *via* Suez. "Thinking about that gal?"

"Yes," answered the youth laconically.

"Well, I don't take much stock in calico," O'Brien continued, in his blunt fashion. "But I guess it will do you good to unbuckle your belt, so tell me how it happened."

There was little outward promise of sympathy in his best friend's invitation to confide in him, but Baxter believed that tenderness and sentiment lurked beneath the rough cynicism of the gruff old trooper, therefore he "unbuckled his belt."

"There is not much to the story," he said; "I am simply in love with a girl who is out of my range."

"Raise your sights and take a long shot, my boy," O'Brien remarked, and then

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asked seriously, "Did she turn you down—send you to the rear?"

"No, I have never said anything to her on the subject."

"You cheerful idiot! Then how do you know you can't get her?"

"Because I am not in the same sphere," Baxter answered, and, leaning against the deck's rail, he told the sergeant his story.

"When I was about twelve years old my mother died, and soon afterwards my father failed in business and in health. We moved to Sand Mountain, on a little farm saved from the wreck. It was once our summer home. For several years our only neighbors were ignorant covites, and I got as green as any of them. But I enjoyed life there, working on the farm, and hunting and riding over the mountain, and occasionally attending school. It was all right until the Chambliss family bought a summer home near us."

"Then you got smitten on the gal, and she turned up her nose at the farmer," O'Brien interrupted.

"No, it wasn't that," Baxter resumed. "You see I was so awkward and countrified I always felt embarrassed in her presence, and I rather think she laughed at me in her sleeve. Last summer a year ago she entertained a lot of swell city friends at a house party, and I made an ass of myself. I couldn't dance nor play tennis, nor do anything of that sort, and I always felt lost in their society talk."

"Their blank cartridge popping," O'Brien observed.

"At any rate," Baxter continued, "I found that I could not hope to line up with wealthy, attractive fellows while I was an uncouth, penniless plough-boy."

"It strikes me that you are not so all-fired ignorant," the sergeant put in. "I have heard you talking about things which I couldn't break into with a Gatling gun."

"No bouquets, please," the youth smiled. "I have read and studied right hard with my father, who is well educated, but I know nothing practical."

"Well, trust to luck, Cub. If she remains in single file, possibly you may win her yet," O'Brien concluded.

"She will probably be married," Baxter answered, as the sergeant was called away.

Arriving at Manila late in the autumn, the Eleventh Cavalry found nothing to do but to garrison the place. As the days wore on, however, it became evident to all that work was being cut out for them; and, as Robert wrote his father, anything would be better than the monotony of garrison life. That monotony soon ended.

"Colonel, before the command moves I want to ask a favor of you, sir."

"All right, what is it, Baxter?" the old soldier answered. He had been impressed by the young man's fine qualities, and especially pleased when he discovered how studiously and intelligently Robert was mastering the art of war and the army regulations.

"I should prefer to return to my troop. Will you have me relieved here, sir?"

At this moment Baxter's troop commander came in, and to him the colonel spoke:

"Captain Parsons, you've got a d——d fool in your troop who prefers to do the hardest work on the firing line when he might go along easy with headquarters. Baxter, here, will report back to you for duty."

Whenever the colonel swore at a man it was evidence that he liked him. And the next day Trooper Baxter was appointed corporal.

The regiment pushed forward incessantly during the campaign, driving the pesky insurgents into a lively game of hopping from trench to trench.

"I notice you carry a letter pinned in your shirt," O'Brien said to Baxter one evening. "Say, since you've told me all about your affairs, why do you still worry about that girl? Because the regiment is fighting you declined to take advantage of the treaty of peace with Spain and ask for a discharge, so you've got two more years to serve. When you go home you won't know any kind of business except soldiering. A soldier's got no business being in love. That bloody Englishman

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who tells about the red-coat Tommies told the truth when he said :

" ' But if you must marry, be sure she is old :
A troop-sergeant's widow's the best, I am told,
For love's not enough for a soldier.' "

General Charles King's brigade one day stirred up some exceptionally sharp fighting, and the Eleventh Cavalry found itself deployed through a salt marsh at the apex of V-shaped trenches from which the insurgents poured a withering fire. Troop E occupied a vital position and caught the brunt of it.

SIGNALLING BY HAND TO HIS SQUAD TO CLOSE IN, HE GAVE AN ORDER TO JOIN HANDS.

The gallant fellows, wading knee deep in mud, were pumping away with their magazines and trying to forge ahead. Corporal Baxter's squad was slightly in advance of the remainder of the line when recall to cover sounded, but in the rattle of musketry the corporal failed to hear the bugle notes. Signalling by hand to his squad to close in, he gave an order to join hands, on the principle that in union there is strength. Then the squad plunged forward through the bog to a firm spot of ground which the corporal had spied. This action saved the position; the bugle once more sounded the charge, and with a yell the troopers dislodged the enemy.

"Bully for you, corporal," an officer cried to Baxter, who, like the others, lay flat on his breast. At that moment O'Brien noticed his friend's head drop upon his rifle. Turning him over, the surgeons found an ugly wound located below the right shoulder and ranging downward. A mortal wound, they announced.

Sergeant O'Brien accompanied the hospital detail back to Manila, where the chief surgeon examined the wound, informing him that the chances were a thousand to one against Baxter's recovery.

"I guess he's gone," O'Brien said, a tear glistening in his eye as he turned away from the cot and asked for a sheet of paper on which to scribble this note:

" DEAR MISS :—I write to tell you Robert Baxter is shot and will die. I promised to mail a letter

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he wrote to you. I don't like to leave him here to die without a friend near him, but I must go back to the line. I wish you had loved him.

"DENNIS O'BRIEN,
"*Sgt. Troop E, Eleventh U. S. Cav.*"

A week later, while young Baxter was still delirious and his comrades at the front believed it only a question of hours with him, Sergeant O'Brien fell, mortally wounded. A bullet entered near the great heart of the sturdy old trooper, and, like a gladiator smiling and sinking in the arena of many a victorious contest, he lay down to rest.

"Baxter will have to hurry up if he is going with me," he uttered, as the smile became fixed in death.

At that same hour in Manila the surgeons extracted the ball from Robert and he began to recover from the shock. His perfect constitution came to the rescue. The only serious relapse he suffered was when told that O'Brien had been killed.

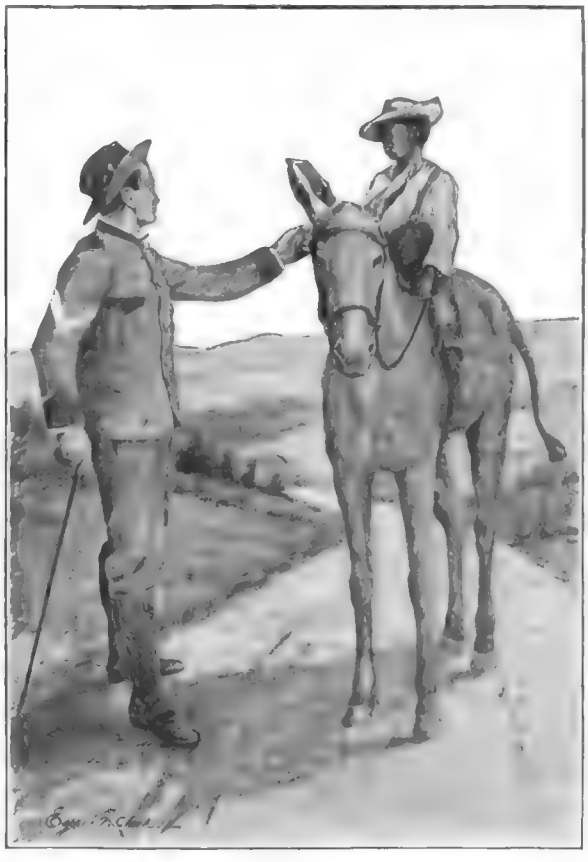
"So I have been appointed sergeant to succeed O'Brien. What a price the office has cost me!" he said to Casey in discussing the sad event. Later he asked:

"O'Brien had a letter of mine; have you seen it?"

"No," Casey answered; "all the poor fellow's things were bundled up and shipped to his aunt. You can write to her; I will get you the address."

"All right, any time will do."

A week later the official cablegrams, which had told of Baxter's heroism and the wound from which it was thought he would not recover, now mentioned his name among those invalided home to recuperate.



"YOU MUST BE DER GEMMAN I'SE LOOKIN' FUR. . . . HERE'S A TELEGRAM."

III.

THE wounded sergeant was again at home. His brother Tom accompanied him into his old room, where he gazed with satisfaction upon the big white bed which would hold his weary bones once more. Then his eyes scanned the pine-board book-case where his most intimate companions stood, and finally they rested upon a jar of sweet peas on the old-fashioned centre-table.

"Miss Ruth left them for you," said his brother, in answer to a mute question.

"She is always kind," he replied listlessly.

"We've been getting along nicely," Tom said after he had asked innumerable questions and had drunk in a recital of martial events from his elder brother. "I suppose papa told you, of course, that Mr. Chambliss has remained here on the moun-

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tain ever since last summer. He thinks he has discovered valuable mineral deposits, some of them on his land and some on ours, but I am not banking on it. I hope he is correct.

"Miss Ruth returned home several days after the papers announced that you had distinguished yourself and was so badly wounded," Tom rattled away. "She stopped here even before she went to her own house, and seemed disappointed because we didn't know any more about your condition than she did. Several city swells have been up to see her. I tell you, Bob, she is a queen!"

The tired soldier retired before his brother finished speaking, and lay quiet for several minutes.

"Tom," said he, "you say a lot of fellows have been coming up here to see her? Well, I came, but dreaded seeing her. I also am in love with Ruth, but I can't tell her so. What have I got to offer? Nothing. I am poverty stricken, know no business, and here I am an enlisted man in the regular army, on a pittance, with two more years to serve.

"However," he resumed wearily, "she knows nothing about my love for her, and perhaps she never will know."

"Say, Bob," Tom remarked, "don't give up so quick. Of course I understand you couldn't stand to win her under present circumstances, but conditions may change."

"How can they? Do you think she would wait an indefinite number of years to marry a lout like me, and in the meantime cast off a lot of wealthy, attractive fellows? Pshaw!"

"Well, one can never tell," the younger brother yawned. "I guess you are sleepy, so I will leave you. Good-night."

Accustomed to that slanderous "can't-get-'em-up" which every soldier promptly obeys at sun-rise, Robert arose the following morning at reveille hour, to enjoy the cool, crisp air, the first he had inhaled in over a year. On the farm, however, daybreak is the usual rising-hour, and when Robert appeared on the veranda, Tom came galloping up from the pasture, volunteering the information that he had seen Ruth Chambliss starting out on her morning ride.

"She will be over here after breakfast," he said.

Before this meal was finished a pattering of horse's hoofs died down in front of the house, and a gentle "whoa" could be heard above the racket of chairs moved hurriedly about in the dining-room. Tom almost shoved Robert to the front door. When he reached it, two exquisite hands met his, and a musical voice said to him:

"I just came over to bring the greetings of the whole family. We are all so glad you are here once more."

"I thank you very much," he replied, looking down into the blue liquid depths where his heart plunged years before, and where he now feared his strength of purpose was melting away in the ripples—ripples touched by the shadows of long lashes and lost in the rose of her gentle face. For a moment he held her hands, then deliberately placed his own hands on her hair and kissed her forehead.

"The privilege of an old friend and a returned soldier."

The words which accompanied this action came in a strained pitch. Ruth drew back and looked startled.

"Oh, I hope I haven't offended you, Miss Ruth. Pray forgive me—I am sorry," he stammered. In an instant she laughed merrily, and retorted:

"I am sorry that you are sorry you took the liberty—the privilege."

Robert and Ruth chatted with forced gayety in an offish sort of way. He did not allow his eyes to rest many consecutive moments upon the divinity seated near him; possibly had he done so he would have detected her puzzled look, and also noticed the soft expression in her eyes as she regarded his thin, sallow face and the deep folds in his khaki uniform.

"We shall expect you at the house today," said Ruth when she arose to go. His eyes followed her as the willowy figure and gracious head, moving in rhythm with the horse, disappeared through the grove.

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Using a cane, the young soldier went out for a walk, and on the road was stopped by a pickaninnie, riding a mule.

"You must be der gemman I'se lookin' fur. Dey tole me he wuz a soljer. Here's a telegram."

Taking a yellow envelope from the messenger's hand, Robert saw his own name thereon, and hastily tore out the contents.

"Boss, yer mus' be seein' er hant. Yo' eyes most poppin' out. Here, boss, please, sir, sign dis disceet book."

The messenger indeed had difficulty in stopping Robert long enough to obtain his receipt for the message.

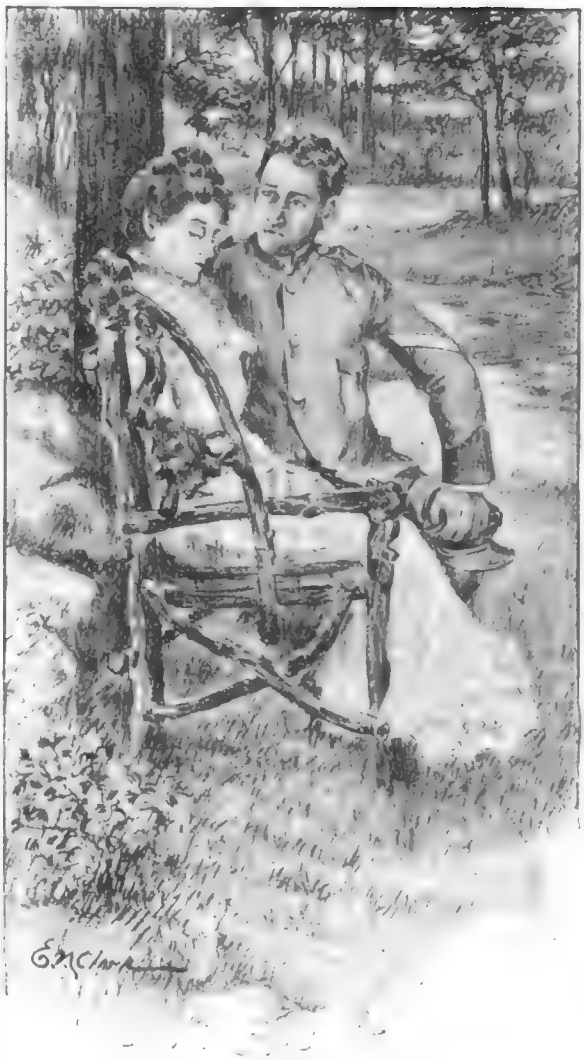
"Now this does change matters," he thought aloud, while scrawling his name with one fell swoop upon the open book.

"Did yer say change, boss?" the little darkey put in, to prevent any further absent-mindedness.

"Yes, yes; I was about to forget it. Here, go blow yourself."

Robert's father and brother had gone to the valley when the soldier returned, else they would have thought him suffering from mental aberration. With face flushed, he entered the house at a surprising pace for an invalid, while in one hand he waved frantically a piece of yellow paper. Realizing after a moment's calm reflection that there was no one there to whom to tell the news, he had a horse saddled, and rode over to the Chambliss' place.

When he had received the greetings of the Chambliss household, Ruth invited her guest to a rustic bench in the grove. Her manner was gaily baffling to the lover who had carefully worded a speech to make to her. A few trite remarks stuck in his throat. Presently she allowed the silence to become oppressive, and then he blurted out, almost savagely:



"THEN YOU DO CARE FOR ME?"

"Ruth, I love you. I have loved you from the day when you first appeared on the mountain, coming into my life like a rose among dried-up sedge-grass."

She listened, with face averted. He continued, speaking less rapidly:

"I have never dared tell you this because I thought if I did our old comradeship might become no longer agreeable to you. Placed in my position, heretofore, with little prospect of ever amounting to very much in the world, being simply a farm-hand, knowing nothing else, I could not ask for your consideration. I have

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never been of your world—the world in which you have so many suitors.

"To-day," he resumed, his voice dropping lower, "I have come into a measure of good fortune; but good fortune only if you will tell an humble soldier he may try to gain your love—may hope."

He was too much agitated to see or understand the varying expressions playing about her face, or to note the momentary quiver of her lips when he spoke of his love. Now, when he paused, she turned to him a serene countenance.

"I am glad you have had good fortune," she said. "You haven't told me what it was; but does it raise you very much above what you have always been?"

Her measured tone and quizzical air somewhat chilled him.

"No, I don't suppose anything can raise me sufficiently to merit your regard," he replied. And the note of sadness in his voice, his pitiful look, touched her sympathy. She leaned towards him, her color heightening, and said:

"I know a man who, while brave in other ways, was too cowardly to tell a woman of his love. He didn't care if she knew it after his death. She loved him better than she did anything else on earth, yet, even while he was in peril, he sought to deny her an assurance that she was loved in return. His spirit was so mean as to fancy the girl only cared for the material things of this world—society, wealth, and show. If I were the girl, I could hardly forgive him for having so poor an opinion of me."

Confusion worse confounded possessed him. Doubt, hope, joy, fear—it was all evident.

"Is it possible? Did O'Brien mail my letter to you, thinking I was as good as dead? and you were not seriously offended?"

He had moved closer to her, speaking fervently.

"Yes, I am offended," she answered, intently twisting a ring which was already perfectly secure. "And here you are admitting that you would not have spoken even now, had not some good fortune happened to you. I should infer that somebody has left you a lot of money and that you have just heard of it."

She spoke in a tone of derision and was pouting, but the light in her eyes as she looked at Robert filled his soul with unspeakable happiness.

"Ruth," he asked, bending over her, "then you do care for me? You will forgive me? And you were thinking of me while I was at the front; and when I was shot, you came here especially to see Dad about me? Sweetheart, it hasn't been money so much as position. Read this telegram and you will see what has happened to me."

Taking the message from his trembling fingers, her own quivering at the touch, she read aloud:

"You have been commissioned Second Lieutenant United States Army for gallantry, upon recommendation of Commanding General, Department of the Philippines," and added:

"It is signed by the Secretary of War. I am glad he gave you what you deserved. My cowardly darling!"

Tom Baxter came dashing into the grove a few minutes later, whistling long and loud upon spying a fluffy organdie sleeve resting across a rusty khaki shoulder. Had he heard the drift of the close communion then in progress, his only surprise would have been occasioned by the understanding that Ruth was to become an army wife *at once*.

"Suppose I am ordered to Manila again?" Robert suggested playfully.

She drew him down and kissed him.

"*And Ruth said, Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and whither thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.*"

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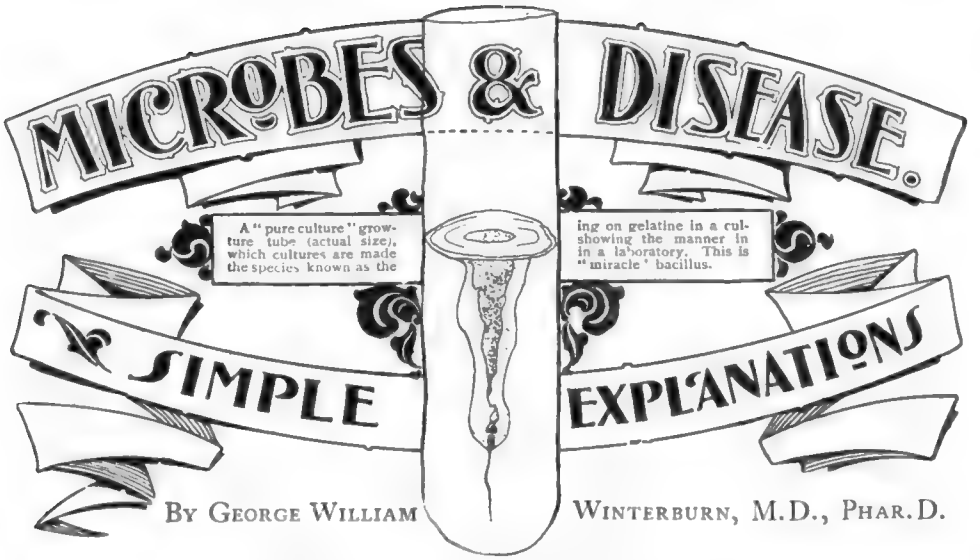
MICROBES & DISEASE.
A "pure culture" growture tube (actual size), which cultures are made the species known as the
ing on gelatine in a cul- showing the manner in in a laboratory. This is "miracle" bacillus.
A SIMPLE EXPLANATIONS
BY GEORGE WILLIAM WINTERBURN, M.D., PHAR.D.

The illustrations drawn by Katherine Winterburn, A.B.

IN former times the notion was universal that pestilence was sent as punishment for sin, and could be overcome by prayer and pilgrimage; and even to-day it survives to some extent in all countries, as an evidence of that deep-rooted tendency of the human mind to look upon disease as a something *from without*, which attacks and destroys. Thus Homer, describing the pestilence that scourged the Greek cohorts before Troy, the cause of which they imagined to be the anger of Apollo, makes the father of gods and men exclaim:

"Lo, how men blame the gods! From us, they say, spring troubles. But through their own perversity they meet with sorrow."

No longer do we ascribe disease to the anger of the gods; but, as if in mockery of all scientific thought, we acclaim that here at last is found the real cause, in those good-for-nothing fever-producing bacteria. It has become almost a pastime to show in "culture" tubes and on microscopic slides the *cause* of typhoid, phthisis, pneumonia, and other ills; and the words "bacteria" and "microbes" have become the shibboleths which the educated physician and the uneducated nurse-girl alike pronounce with the unction of a neophyte. The ingenious methods and beautifully colored microscopic preparations of the bacteriologist have caught the popular fancy, and even drawing-room entertainment is furnished by means of the popular game of exploiting the microbe!

Though great minds, like Homer and Hippocrates, perceived dimly the fact that disease arises more from internal than from external causes, the popular conception remains to-day, as it has ever been, that men "catch disease," or, as the Japanese more logically state it, "disease catches the man."

That we may reach a clearer understanding of the relation of bacteria to disease, let us briefly consider the ideas hitherto held concerning disease. The view prevailed in the Middle Ages that "every sin is under the control of and operated by a particular devil," and as sickness and sin were closely connected, disease was the specific result of a particular devil getting possession of the man. The modern idea merely substitutes the specific bacillus for the particular devil, and the theory works as well as ever. Beelzebub, the most devilized of all devils, was the god of "invisible evil insects"; and is, therefore, the patron and protector of the modern bacteriologist.

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The great English physician Sydenham, the modern "Hippocrates," reaffirmed, two thousand years later than his great Greek prototype, the theory that "species of disease" are analogous to "species of plants," in that they are specific entities or things. This personification of disease, as a mystical entity, is still maintained by those who look upon bacteria as "disease-producing"; setting them up to be dutifully worshipped by devout persons, just as the older personifications of the "invisible devils" of the priestcraft were set up to be worshipped long ago.

The now well-established parasitic theory of disease asserts that every infectious disease (and even "colds" and rheumatism are now so classed) is caused by some small living thing or microbe. These microbes are claimed to be the real and sole cause of disease; that the differences in diseases are caused by the differences in these disease-producing bacteria, and in these alone; that a certain microbe causes diphtheria, a certain other consumption, a certain other intermittent fever, just as surely as the oak springs from the acorn, or a potato-plant from a potato "eye."

FIGURES 1, 2, AND 3.*

Between this conception, so ably and eloquently championed by Pasteur, Koch, Klebs, Cohn, and a multitude of others, and the truly scientific idea that disease is a process, just as life is a process, there exists a deep and wide antagonism. If we would not be misled by old ideas which have come down to us from Shem, Ham, and Japheth, we must seek for the cause of disease in the internal constitution of man, and not in any external personification, be it devil or microbe.

The explanation of this old-time problem is surprisingly simple if we can detach ourselves from these musty and time-worn theories which have enslaved the mind of man for so many centuries. The great principles of life, which have been hidden in nature's heart from the beginning, have remained unsolved only because man, having ears, has heard not, and having eyes has perceived not his true relations to nature; but has been content to give free rein to the imagination and build up fantastic theories instead of listening to that still, small voice of nature which, without eagerness or apathy, has evermore spoken into his unlistening ear, or has spread out in clear-writ script before his unseeing eye the simple secrets of his being.

The theory that microbes are the cause of disease resulted from the observation that certain species are found in certain diseases. These microbes belong mostly to the class of bacteria, and are found not only in epidemic diseases, such as diphtheria, but also in organic diseases, such as pneumonia, and constitutional diseases, such as consumption. That they thus exist is generally acknowledged. Some of these bacteria evoke disease mechanically by their mere presence in the tissues of the body; others chemically, through the manufacture of poisons; others are usually harmless, and only under peculiar conditions become deleterious. Some bacteria cause disease by producing poisons during the decomposition of dead organic matter, such bacteria not being able to directly affect or live in the cells of the human body. Instances of this sort of malign influence are seen every summer, in poisoning from eating ice-cream made from stale

* Bacteria multiply by fission, disintegration, and by forming spores. The first is shown in the upper figure. On the left, a mature rod. To the right, the same rod breaking into segments, which then *grow* to size of parent. Magnified two million times.

Granular disintegration is shown in this central figure; first into short rods, then into shorter ones, and finally into little spheres. Magnified one million times.

Spores are produced when the conditions of life are so harsh that the bacillus would die. Its internal substance forms into rounded masses, called spores. When the spore issues from its mother, it is enclosed in a thick, tough skin, which shields it until it falls on a congenial environment. It then begins to grow, and at the same time splits open this skin on one side. As it grows it is gradually extended from the skin, and issues forth as a baby bacillus, leaving the empty skin behind. This process is seen in the figure, beginning on the left. Magnified four million times.

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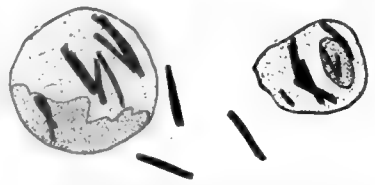
milk. Some bacteria, wholly without effect upon man, infect lower animals; and others, innocuous to man and animals, infect lower organisms, such as insects.

Vibrios from sewage. Magnified two million times.

A description of these various species of disease-producing bacteria might be interesting, but space will not permit it; and the reader is referred to my article, entitled "A Glimpse of the Germ World," in the March number of this magazine, and to the foot-notes to the illustrations of this article.

Most disease-producing bacteria are quickly destroyed by the bacteria of fermentation found in ordinary sewage. An exception to this is the bacteria of Asiatic cholera, which thrives in impure and polluted water as its natural home. The diphtheria bacilli grow more luxuriantly outside of the human body than in it. For this reason stagnant slime in gutters is a fruitful source of contagion to children that play about the streets in filthy neighborhoods. The quaint, rhyming lines in a magazine, some years ago, which told of a little boy and his sister who, sitting on a bench near a pond in Central Park, were watching for "the stagnant to come," might well be taken to heart by all who live near waste or stagnant water. It is sure to be the haunt of billions of microorganisms.



The white corpuscles of the blood attacking the invading bacilli. The corpuscle takes the bacillus into its substance and destroys it. Sometimes the bacilli are too vigorous and numerous for the corpuscles, and destroy them. This fight between the bacteria and the blood cells is going on within us every moment of our lives. Magnified one million times.

The bacterium of pneumonia is a persistent little fellow, and may exist in a dormant state for many months in a congenial atmosphere; for instance, in the warm, moist tissues of the mouth and throat. For this reason "catching cold" sometimes suddenly develops pneumonia in a person robust, and, as we say, "the picture of health." Bacteria of this sort can live on healthy tissue without harming it; but if these tissues become weakened by scalding or freezing, or are lacerated or bruised, or merely debilitated by local congestion, as in "catching cold," or depleted by privation or even by the accidental lowering of vitality from missing a meal, then the microbes, taking advantage of this temporary predisposition, get in their fine work. They are conscienceless "little devils," always ready to take advantage of a man when he is down.

The tubercle-bacillus is found not only in lung consumption, but in scrofula, in lupus, and in hip-joint disease. It is one of the most widespread of all the microorganisms. This bacillus grows much more rapidly and virulently in fowls than in man, apes, cattle, or other mammals. It grows but slowly and feebly outside of living bodies. In close and dark rooms it retains its vitality for a long time, but in the open, the direct sunlight soon destroys it. Consumption might never have taken such a hold on our old New England families had it not been the habit of the neat and thrifty housewives to shut up the best room or guest chamber in shrouded and solemn silence. To that dull but decent sanctuary was brought the beloved dead, to lie in state until the funeral hour. Thereafter, shut off from the sunlight even more effectually and continuously than before, the chamber became a

To the left, a tissue cell attacked by bacilli. The bacilli increase, and are represented, to the right, as having eaten the cell. Magnified one million times.

menace to every occasional occupant it harbored.

A single microbe is able to provoke disease if it gain lodgment where it can grow and multiply. In growing it splits off,

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from the cells of the body, elements which it uses as food stuffs and excretes them as poisons or toxins. The microbe consumes oxygen in the blood and tissues, and generates carbonic acid. The overloading of the blood with carbonic acid causes a rise of temperature. The toxins also irritate the heat-regulating centres in the nervous system, and thus cause fever. Meanwhile the body cells are not inactive, but endeavor in their turn to overcome and destroy the invaders. It is as though there were two armies, one attacking and the other defending; and the victory is to the strongest. It will be seen that the process is a complicated one, and that the symptoms of disease are not only the effects of the attack of the microbe on the cell, but also, in part, the outward evidence of the efforts of the cell to resist the microbe. A symptom—fever, for instance

Anthrax bacteria in two stages of growth. Magnified two million times.

Anthrax germs with free spores. Magnified one million times.

—may be an assurance of bodily vigor, and not of debility; and it is just here that the judicious physician counts for much. Many a patient's life has been destroyed by drugs administered in massive doses to reduce fever, when the fever was but the assurance that the cells were vigorously repelling an attack. Antpiyrin, phenacetine, and all that class of "knock-down-the-fever" drops are responsible for more deaths than those who use them dream of in their philosophy. The direct poisonous effect of the toxins produced by the microbe is to lower, as a rule, the bodily temperature. The rise in temperature marks the supreme effort of the cell to maintain its life. The drug that "knocks down" the temperature is, indeed, a secret enemy which, in the guise of a friend coming to the aid of the worried cell, strikes below the belt.

The cause of disease is predisposition acted upon by a liberating impulse; and this I will proceed to demonstrate.

Each individual possesses certain powers and qualities as the result of inheritance. This applies to the tendency to disease as well as to the capacity for any particular form of work. That delicate manual dexterity and genuine love of the beautiful which makes the boy an artist is no more a gift from his forebears than is the tendency to rheumatism and the cardiac weakness which shortens his days and blights the early promise of genius before it has ripened into fulfilment.

This predisposition to disease is only a negative quality, being a lack of perfect development of some of the cells of the body, and varies both in time and space. Different races of men have differing predispositions. Our North American Indians are easily infected with small-pox, and die in much greater ratio than their white neighbors. The white man easily falls a victim to yellow fever, while the negro on the same plantation has but a mild attack. Variation in susceptibility is also found in members of the same family and race. Diphtheria or scarlet fever may destroy one or two in a family of children, and the others escape. That terrible scourge of the Middle Ages, the Black Death, only affected one out of four of the population. Cholera, even when virulent, attacks only about one out of fifteen, the other fourteen being naturally protected from it. Even tuberculosis, which exists always and everywhere, is contracted by only one out of four or five in any community, the others having no susceptibility to the disease. The same is true in animal and vegetable life; certain species and forms having susceptibility to particular diseases, while their near neighbors are completely immune.

This immunity may be natural or acquired. Small-pox, measles, scarlet fever,

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and many other diseases confer immunity, as a rule, upon those who were so susceptible to them as to become victims to the epidemic; the susceptibility to the disease being transmuted into protection against it. While some affections, as, for instance, gout or tic douleureux, increase the tendency to them in the individual who has once been their victim.

Predisposition is dependent upon the inherited quality of the cells of the body, and this includes the capacity for adaptation to the conditions of life. These conditions include both the permanent ones, such as the social station into which one is born, family habits and character, the nature and disposition of the inhabitants of the town in which one lives, and the average quality of the climate of that locality, and also the transient influences, such as appetite, weather, prosperity or poverty, and all the other changing circumstances of life. All the evanescent conditions act upon the internal and permanent qualities of the man, for good or ill, as the case may be. Every change in outward circumstance—weather, diet, etc. —will make its due impression on the internal predisposition. By the removal of harsh conditions of life, by improvement in dwellings, clothing, food, and personal cleanliness, the predisposition to disease is put to sleep.

In no case can a disease appear which was not previously present as a predisposition. Things outside of the body, whether specific bacteria, particular devil, or what not, are only able through "a liberating impulse" to make of this predisposition a fact accomplished. By changes in external conditions we either increase or weaken this predisposition to disease. These external conditions, varying according to locality and season, make themselves felt on the cells of the body, and thus influence organs and tissues. Since the kind and amount of resistance which these organs and tissues offer to the liberating impulses depend upon the quality of the cells of which they are composed, and as the integrity of these is so largely influenced by and through those chemical changes which we know as nutrition and secretion, and as these depend very largely upon our personal surroundings and habits, the food we eat, the air we breathe, and the water

Tubercle bacilli. Magnified three million times.

we use, the true art of healing consists in employing these very same forces to build up the constitution, and thus furnish that quality of resistance which, for instance, an attack of small-pox gives to the individual who has had it, and who thenceforth is immune. By the use of the plain principles of hygiene, the whole community could be made immune against every form of infection.

It is claimed that when a man contracts a disease such as consumption, the tubercle bacillus is alone to be held responsible. Let us, however, bear in mind that microbes cause fermentation only in fermentable substances, and produce illness only where predisposition exists. Such a predisposition may be an inheritance, or may be self-imposed, as I have just shown, by our own bad habits. We can harbor these microbes with impunity, if no susceptibility to disease exists. Every person carries about, on or in his body, scores of varieties of microbes without the least inconvenience, until some accidental lowering of his vitality gives them the opportunity for which they wait.

This is not so comfortable a doctrine as that taught by Koch and Pasteur, that the

One of the forms that cause summer complaint. Magnified two million times.

wicked microbe does it all, and that we are its unfortunate and helpless victims; but it is the doctrine of science. They call upon us to rise up in our might and

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slay the microbe with antiseptics. But it is ubiquitous and elusive. Before man appeared upon the earth it was, and doubtless long after man shall have ceased to be,

Cholera germs, with one flagella; typhoid, with numerous flagellæ. These flagellæ are used as a means of locomotion. Magnified one million times.

it will still wander fancy free in search of pastures new. Compared to the microbe, man is the creature of the hour; for it may be truly said that the microbe is older than the everlasting hills, and that long after these shall have been levelled to the plain it will still continue to fulfil the destiny and purpose of its being.

In the presence of public and personal cleanliness, the microbe is powerless for harm; where filth abounds and disease is rampant, disinfectants may make much smell, but under such conditions they serve no purpose except to cause people to imagine that they are acting very scientifically when they are only displaying dense inability to comprehend the real lessons of an epidemic.

The excitants of disease are similar to those excitants of fermentation and putrefaction which I exploited in a previous article.* It is not a particular kind of bacteria that is the cause of souring of the milk, but the nature of the milk itself which permits the bacteria to use up the elements therein contained, and out of them make lactic acid.

If it were true that "disease-producing" bacteria are the actual cause of disease, then four conditions would invariably hold true:

These bacteria would exert no other effect than causing disease.

This capacity to cause disease would be constant.

They would affect all animals in the same way.

They would cause a certain definite disease.

* "A Glimpse in the Germ World" in the March, 1900, EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.

This is the position which bacteriologists who assert the dogma of "specific" bacteria maintain, and which they have so fully impressed upon the minds of medical men and the public in general, that even every servant-girl knows it is those pesky little microbes that cause fevers. An apparent support for this view is found in the fact that the typhoid bacilli evoke typhoid fever; the comma bacilli, cholera; the Klebs-Löffler bacilli, diphtheria; and the *plasmodium malariæ*, malaria. But if, instead of building theories, we attentively consider, with unprejudiced minds, all the facts, this pretentious house of cards—the germ theory of disease—quickly falls to the ground.

None of the four propositions stated is true. The self-same bacteria which in the human body evoke disease are, as a rule, able to grow and multiply outside of the body on vegetable matter, and thereon produce pigments or other substances.

No peculiarity of "disease-producing" bacteria is more certain than the uncertainty with which they produce disease. Through "culture" growth they can all be so modified as to be no longer able to evoke disease, becoming just as harmless

Comma bacilli of cholera. Magnified one million times.

as the myriads of others which we continually take into our systems without ever being aware of their existence; and this without lessening their vitality or power to reproduce their kind. No importance can be attached to a "specific" quality which is as variable as that.

Nor do any of these "specific" disease bacteria evoke in all animals the typical disease, nor in any one species of animal the same disease at all times. Tuberculosis is evoked not only by the so-called tubercle bacilli, but also by germs of glanders and leprosy. The tubercle bacillus evokes suppuration as well as nodules and tubercles, and suppuration is also brought about by a great variety of germs which pro-

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duce, under other conditions, pneumonia, typhoid, erysipelas, anthrax, or carbuncle. What is known as blood-poisoning may be evoked by any one of a large number of

One of the forms of germs causing blood-poisoning. Magnified two million times.

distinct kinds of microbes, as may also inflammation of the membranes of the spinal cord, of the brain, of the pleura, and of the sac in which the heart is enclosed. Various varieties of germs cause diarrhœa. The so-called diphtheria bacilli evoke blood-poisoning and paralysis, as well as the local throat disorder; while the erysipelas bacteria may also produce puerperal fever and inflammation of the lungs. These are only a few of hundreds of examples that might be cited to show that while microbes of various kinds act as liberating impulses, and so evoke illness, the determining cause resides in the tissues, and the nature and intensity of the disease depend upon the condition of the cells which make up these tissues.

Blood cells from a case of gangrene, with the characteristic bacilli. Magnified one hundred thousand times.

A further reason why disease germs do not always produce specific results is because these micro-organisms, like human beings, change with the differences in their surroundings. The conditions of life are the same to a microbe that they are to a man, and they possess increased or decreased capacity to fulfil their natural destiny dependent upon whether their environment is kindly or harsh.

The bodily constitution of a man is continually oscillating toward or away from a state of health. So it is with the germ. If a man's tissues are weakened the amount of harm the germs can do will then depend upon their vigor. This is the reason why in an epidemic some persons have the disease lightly, others severely, and others not at all; and why, for instance, a mild case of scarlet fever, so slight that the patient continues to play about the room all day, can convey the disease to another person in a most virulent form. I have seen a series of four cases in one family, which ran the gamut from a scarlatinous sore throat and slight fever without eruption, in the first case, to a typically severe case in the fourth; and this is true in all the varieties of contagion.

There are two ways in which contagious diseases are made milder—by increasing the power of resistance in the individual, and by reducing the disease-producing power of the bacteria. On the other hand, conditions which tend to bacterial activity, or those which increase the natural predisposition to disease in man, will evoke epidemics. It is the common experience that measles, scarlet fever, smallpox, dysentery, and typhoid become epidemic in armies in the field. Our recent experience in the Spanish War proved that men suddenly removed from the comforts and conveniences of home, and subjected to the harsh and unfamiliar conditions of camp-life, sickened in great numbers. This has ever been true of unseasoned troops, and even veterans are not exempt when deprivation is prolonged, as witness the Greeks at Troy. Hunger, improperly cooked or irregularly served meals, exposure to chilling or overheating, excessive fatigue, mental anxiety, the depression of defeat, homesickness—all modify those orderly and consecutive changes in the tissues upon which health depends. Under such conditions men succumb to disease germs which to normal health would be harmless.

Life, in its ultimate analysis, consists of the mode of motion in the cell. I speak

Germ of erysipelas. Magnified three hundred thousand times.

merely of bodily life, possessed alike by all living vegetable and animal forms, and in this connection take no account of the spiritual life. Germs possess, as do all

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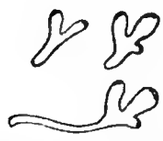
living things, the power of adapting themselves to the conditions of life. They become manifest as disease-producing only when the form of motion which they im-

Pneumonia germ. Magnified two hundred thousand times.

part in order to overcome the resistance of the cell happens to accord with the possibilities of motion in the cell as the result of inheritance or adaptation. In all natural processes, without exception, the liberating impulse is able to set free only that which already exists. And disease germs can only evoke those diseases which are, in embryo, latent in the nature and constitution of the individual.

This explains how new diseases spring into activity, such as, within the current century, cerebro-spinal meningitis, appendicitis, and cholera, and how under changing social and sanitary conditions diseases like the plague, "black death," and leprosy have become almost unknown.

That the disease-producing quality of germs is merely an adaptation, and not an essential, of their being is shown by the fact that they not only adapt themselves to their surroundings in their mode of action, but even alter their shapes. The germ which lives on dead matter as a round form (coccus) may become rod-like (bacillus) when living as a parasite in man. By the choice of suitable food and conditions these have been converted, each kind, one into the other, in the laboratory, proving that it is similarity or diversity in conditions which brings about the great variety of forms in the germ world, and not a



A form causing indigestion. Magnified four million times.

characteristic specific quality in the germs themselves.

If a microbe which causes fermentation, or forms coloring matter, or evokes disease be cultivated for a long time in the laboratory under conditions which prevent it from exercising this natural faculty, it will adapt itself to its new conditions so completely that it entirely forgets its original mode of life. But microbes, like men, can develop no quality that was not already in them as a predisposition, and this artificial cultivation in the test-tubes of the laboratory only enables us to see the changes which are continually going on in nature. A great many microbes, and possibly all species, change their functions and their forms in response to changed conditions of life. The so-called tubercle bacillus is not a bacillus at all, except in the animal body; when growing naturally on dead organic matter it is a mould.

The various ferment-causing, pigment-forming, and disease-producing micro-organisms are not to be considered as species in the natural history sense, but as modifications of common forms brought about by the conditions of nutrition and location. Thus the *bacterium coli communis*, as a rule, lives in the human intestine a harmless tenant, feeding on the waste matter it finds there, but at times it causes serious inflammation and diarrhœa; grown on a slice of potato it forms a brownish pigment, while in sugar solutions it produces lactic acid.

Some species of micro-organisms thus pass through only a small cycle of forms, while others pass through a long series before returning to the original one, and they do this in regular succession, as the hour-hand travels from figure to figure around the face of the clock. This ability of the microbe to form ferments, pigments, and poisons, and to evoke disease, according to the nature of its surroundings, is evidence that the cause of the disease is in the constitution of the thing diseased. The same pickaxe will produce from the ground coal or copper according to the nature of the mine worked.

The human body is a machine, composed of organs and tissues, each of which is a machine, and these in turn are formed of millions of cells, every one of which is a complicated little mechanism delicately

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and wonderfully fitted to its work. Like any other machine, all these parts must work together in a regular and orderly manner if the body is to do that for which it was created. Life is thus a process. Disease is the imperfect working of this process.

The idea of disease as a process may be likened to the mechanism of an electrical bell. As long as the circuit is broken, the bell is silent. But pressure on the push-button closes the circuit, and the bell continues to ring as long as that circuit is maintained. It is evident that pressure is only one factor in the ringing of the bell, and by no means the most important. The battery which supplies the current, the wires which carry the impulse, and the size and material of the bell determine the quality and the tone of the sound evoked. The circuit can be closed either intentionally by the finger, or accidentally by anything which makes pressure on the button, or even without pressure, as when water fills the gap and completes the circuit. But pressure on the button does not always evoke the ting-a-ling. If any part of the mechanism fails to respond to the touch, the bell does not ring. So bacteria may make pressure on certain cells of the body and disease be produced if the mechanism is in the necessary condition, otherwise the pressure will not be felt. The effect of microbes on the system may be, and is daily in every one of us, prevented by anything which enables the cells which are being attacked to resist the effect of the "push."

The real duty of the officers of public health consists in raising the standard of health in the community, and not in attempting to kill bacteria.

A common cause of blood-poisoning (septicemia). Magnified one million times.

Found in old sores and in various skin affections. Multiplied three million times.

The common basis of life for all mankind is in the air, water, and food; and man will yet learn that in these also will be found the means to heal the sick. Until that day, when public sanitation and personal hygiene become everywhere the rule of life, the use of chemical substances as medicines will be necessary; but these should only be given in such doses as to act as stimulants to the cells, with no idea that the bacteria can be directly acted upon.

More than sixty years ago it was proven that the most fatal of all contagions, puerperal fever, could be annihilated by simple cleanliness, and that consumption needed only duly regulated and fully enforced hygienic treatment to be completely and permanently cured. And yet thousands have died from one of these diseases, and hundreds of thousands from the other, during the six decades that have elapsed since then. From generation to generation, through countless ages, men have swallowed huge doses of nauseous drugs (of which the genial physician and poet, Oliver Wendell Holmes, wittily said that "if it had all been thrown into the sea it would have been better for man and worse for the fishes"), until Samuel Christian Frederick Hahnemann demonstrated that doses just large enough to stimulate cell activity were all that are required. In healing processes, as well as in disease processes, we deal with exactly the same forces as those by which the tissues and organs of the body were originally built. Nature herself furnishes the conditions which convert predisposition to disease into immunity, and by which diseased tissues are able to defeat and expel the minute invaders. This is the sum and substance of the whole matter.

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ON A TIE APART, A TIE OF STATE, SAT A WELL-DRESSED STRANGER, WHO WAS OBVIOUSLY THE GUEST OF THE EVENING.

A DEAD ONE.*

By Josiah Flynt and Francis Walton.

At tramp camps in the United States a favorite topic for discussion is the whereabouts of Barnard Carr. He has become for the hoboes a mysterious celebrity, whose disappearance from the "road" they spend hours in trying to explain. Some think he is again "doing time," and will appear among them once more when released; others hold fast to the opinion that he has "croaked."

He was never a great celebrity in the sense that he had become noted for a mastery in some one branch of Under-World skill, but he was considered by the "perfesh" and by the Powers that Rule a remarkably clever "all-round" man. Hoboes liked him because, as they put it, he was not "stuck on himself." It was his custom when in luck—and for ten years he seemed to be always in luck—to visit them at their hang-outs, and hoboes have always admired a crook who was sufficiently inde-

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pendent not to fear loss of caste on being seen in their company. They like such a man in about the same way that certain middle-class people like a titled aristocrat who receives them and visits them as an equal. In the Under-World, tramps are men who have tried to earn titles and failed, or, on having earned them, have lost them; the successful criminal is given a title in the Under-World irrespective of his wishes.

One of the writers met Carr, while he was at the top of his reputation, at a tramp camp in the minutely tramped State of Pennsylvania. It was at night, and a circle of men and boys were lounging about a great fire, with the dome of the stars for a tent, and with selected railway ties for camp-chairs and cots. On a tie apart, a tie of state, sat a well-dressed stranger who was obviously the guest of the evening. Even a tenderfoot would have picked him out for a distinguished foreigner in Hoboland. His stylish garb, his white hands, and polite manner were evidence enough that he was no ordinary traveller of the "road."

Newcomers at the camp were not left long in ignorance of the man's identity. The scribe had hardly taken a seat on one of the ties when a lad at his side nudged him, and said in an awestruck whisper, "That's Carr, the great perfesh'nul." A heathen could not have directed attention to one of his deities with more reverence. The man seemed to be oblivious of the regard in which he was held by the camp. His eyes were fixed on the fire, and he spoke only occasionally. "How's Slim comin' up?" he asked once, turning to a man on his right, referring evidently to some absent roadster, and he commented on the weather and the life, but he had little to say about himself, and answered questions in monosyllables. When he got up to leave, he dropped a ten-dollar bill on the tie, said, "Wet 'er up on me, boys," and disappeared up the track.

The tramps commented on his career and personality after he had gone.

"How that bloke holds out!" one exclaimed. "If he's done a day in the pen, he's done fifteen years. He's got the nerve, you can't see a sign o' weakenin' in him. Be hanged 'f I can explain it."

"He'll go to pieces all of a sudden, some day," another declared. "You see 'f he don't. There's men like that; they don't crack nor bend, they bust. We'll see him here on the turf yet. I tell you, the bloke don't live that can take stretchers in the pen the way Carr has an' not bust. 'Tain't in human nature. Course he's holdin' out longer'n some; he's nervy, an' 's got good health; but I'll gamble coin he'll be hittin' the road after a while. He's a nice bloke right 'nough, but what I'm tellin' you 's the truth. A crook's built like other folks, an' can't live on nerve forever."

"They say 't he's salted down a big pile for old age all the same," a Westerner remarked. "'Frisco Black told me the other day that Carr was one o' the richest crooks in the country."

"Rich in your eye!" sneered an old man from Chicago. "I'll bet Carr don't salt down anythin' from one year's end to the other. Crooks ain't bankers. What the devil's the matter with you? They blow their dough as fast as they get it; and right, too. Some lawyer or Front Office stiff 'ud cop it out if they saved it up. I'll bet Carr ain't got over ten thousand put past, an' he'll spend all o' that, prob'ly, the next time he's pinched. I tell you, it's the fly cops an' lawyers that get the crooks' coin. I ain't heard of a chief in a big city that didn't retire, as they call it, with his pockets full o' dough. Them's the blokes that does the savin'. 'Tain't the crook."

"What about Detroit Fraxy an' his blocks o' houses?" asked a kid.

"Detroit Fraxy—you make me tired! He'll lose 'em. He'll get in a hole some day, an' have to cough up them houses. Look at Carr. He had one o' the best payin' gamblin' joints in 'Frisco four years ago; he had to deed it over to his lawyer fer chewin' the rag fer 'im in that murder scrape. It's all right 'bout crooks makin' dough, but it's holdin' of it that counts. God never'nat's all 1 warok that has stuck

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to the graft long, takin' chances an' stretchers, an' come out rich."

The "hang-out" broke up soon after this statement, and the men took trains in different directions.

During the following five years the writer saw Carr twice and heard of him once. On both occasions when he saw Carr, the man was apparently still in luck. He was dressed well, had money "to burn," was courted by his companions, and had no complaint to make beyond the statement that he felt he was getting old.

"Had a year to do in Alabama not long ago," he explained at the second meeting, "and the stir was so damp that my bones got wet. I don't mind when they give me steam heat in my cell, but it rather uses me up otherwise. A fellow gets cranky, you know, after he's been shut up a good deal. As a kid, I didn't give a damn where they put me; but the guards get all my money now for things 't I think I got to have. That's about the only thing 't I keep a bank account for—to get priv'leges when the pinch comes. And do you know 't I don't feel comf'table any more in a large room? I ain't done such a hell of a lot o' time compared with some blokes, but I been livin' in cells off an' on for the las' sixteen years, an' I've got so used to 'em 't I always ask for a small room now when I go to a hotel. I have enough dough sometimes to pay for a whole suite, as they call it, but I wouldn't feel right in one. Give me a chair, a washstand, an' six feet to stretch out in, an' old Carr's happy as the rest of 'em. You see crooks sometimes 't ain't content till they got a whole house to themselves, but I guess they ain't done as much time as me. I tell you, pard, on the level—the pen does change you. I'm sure 't I'd been a bigger man 'f I hadn't been cooped up so much. Didn't no more'n begin to grow than I got pinched, an' I ain't had a fightin' chance to grow since."

"Your nerve's all right, isn't it?" the writer asked.

"It's all right Copyright, 190u never know when it'll go back on you. I'm goin' to try an' put past a stake before long for old age. I'm bound to weaken after a while, an' I ought to have a bank account to live on. 'Bout five years more 'll see me settled down, I guess. I ought to plant a good swag by that time. Course it'll be hard to chuck business, but you got to cool down a little when you're getting shaky on your pins, an' I'd rather like to die easy. God knows I've lived hard!"

About two years after this conversation there appeared in a Western newspaper an account of Carr's arrest for an offence committed on the coast. It read thus: "Barnard Carr, alias Cincie Shorty, was arrested by the local police last night. The details of his crime have not yet come in, but there is no doubt in the minds of the police that Carr is the man wanted. The despatch from —— said that one of the local banks had been 'taken in' by a forged check calling for $15,000, and the description of the alleged forger fits Carr exactly. The man has one of the longest police-blotter records in this country. He has operated with one 'graft' and another in practically every State of the Union, and is not unknown in Mexico. On account of his neat appearance and unobtrusive manner, he is sometimes called 'The Gentleman Crook'; but he fraternizes with tramps as well as professional criminals. He is reported to take crime as seriously as an artist takes his art, and the neat 'jobs' that he has planned and done bear out the report. The sheriff states that he was welcomed by the other prisoners in the jail as a most distinguished personage. They gathered about him on his arrival, shook his hand, and offered him the best cell in the little prison. He is said to be very popular among criminals of all classes. If guilty of the crime for which he has been arrested, the probability is that he will be given a severe sentence. Carr has employed the best counsel in the city, and a telegram has been sent to the famous criminal lawyer Ames, in 'Frisco, so a hard fight may be expected; but —— County has a poor opinion of forgers, and

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will probably back up its opinion with a very pugnacious prosecution. We will report the trial in detail; it will probably come up during the present term of court."

Six months later the Under-World was notified that Barnard Carr had "received eight years."

II.

A SHORT time ago the two writers were taking a stroll in Lime Street, Liverpool. At night it is one of the most instructive promenades in England for a man who wishes to know things; and one can complete investigations there that have been begun in "the main stem" of towns thousands of miles away. The four continents contribute to the life on the pavement, as well as in the places of entertainment, and the passers-by and performers jabber in many tongues and dialects.

The scribes drifted into a "free-and-easy," where men and women sing songs, and afterwards pass their hats and bonnets around for pennies and ha'pennies. It was a sordid little place, with a smell in it that was composed of all smells of neglect, tobacco, and alcohol. Any one in the audience who had a voice and a song, or thought he had, might take the floor and put his opinion to the test of popularity. When volunteers are few, or backward about exposing their talent to jibes that were none too delicate, a master of ceremonies jumps up and says, "Who'll sing? Come on, now, be sharp! Somebody give us a wheezer or a clog," and the piano-player strikes the ivories, and some one bursts forth into song.

On the evening in question there had been a lull in the proceedings, and to break it the master of ceremonies turned to a shabbily dressed little man sitting alone near the piano-player.

"Barnie, you little tramp, are you sober enough to give us a song?" he asked. "There's a good 'ouse to-night, an' you'll get a swag if you let 'er run right."

Barnie gave the "'ouse" the old jail song of the Boston burglar, which runs:

I was brought up in Boston,
A place you all know well—
Brought up by honest parents,
And now I've gone to hell;
But my character was taken,
I had to hit the trail;
And his honor he shoved me into jail!

The song was none of the best, and the man's voice was cracked, and the piano-player knew but little of the tune; but the audience cried, "'Ear! 'ear!" and clapped, and Barnie's hat was well lined with copper. The collection finished, he took a seat near the scribes.

"I ain't much on the melojous howl," he said, with a significant grin, "but I can toss off a glass o' somethin' hot. I guess you fellows is Yanks, ain't you?"

He was told that he had guessed right.

"Thought so. What'll you take—on me? Can't give you 'sham,' but I'm good for anythin' in reason."

"You're a Yank yourself, aren't you?" one of the scribes queried when the drinks had been brought.

"Well, that's as may be."

"Name's Carr, isn't it?"

The little vagrant gave both scribes a searching look.

"Who are you blokes? D' I know you?"

One of the scribes reminded him of previous meetings in the "States."

"Well, I'll be hanged! Say, come down to my hang-out, will you? You've paid for this stuff. I'll get some booze an' a candle, an' we'll chew the rag. There's a lot I want to know about old times; too public here."

We left the "free-and-easy" and the smell, and Barnie led the way toward the docks. He insisted on purchasing some beer and a candle in a shop, in the last street before turning into a maze of murky alleyways, and then guided us to a great barrel, or hogshead, hidden away among broken boxes, discarded ship timbers, and assorted *débris*.

"'Tain't no parlor car, pals," he explained, lighting the candle and setting it in a tin socket in the barrel, "but it fits me, an' that's all I want. Will you sit

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"I AIN'T MUCH ON THE MELOJOUS HOWL," HE SAID, "BUT I CAN TOSS OFF A GLASS O' SOMETHIN' HOT."

outside or come in? Can't all get in, that's sure."

The air was stagnant and warm, and even in the open the lungs labored; we declined the hospitality of the barrel, and sat on some planks outside. It was some time before Barnie's talk turned naturally upon himself; he kept asking about this pal and that pal, how things were "coming up over home," who were still holding out in the "perfesh," who had gone under, which "coppers" were in power, which "stirs" were easy or hard, what good "touches" had been made lately, who were "settled" and who free, and about various other things connected with the life in which his imagination still dwelt with a certain pride. At last, however, he said suddenly:

"I s'pose you want to hear my rag-chewer now?"

The scribes smiled and nodded. The little man's shoulders twitched, he took a fresh piece of snipe from his pocket, bowed his head for a moment as if ashamed, looked up again, and began:

"It's none too nice to tell; but you blokes has known me when I was top of the heap, and you will understand. Course I could 'a' croaked myself, an' the whole thing 'ud 'a' been off; but the fact is I didn't have even nerve enough for that. That last stretcher on the Coast dreened me out. They used me hard, that's where it is, an' I didn't make any good time either. I basted a guard for callin' me a liar, an' the warden didn't remember to forgit it. They tucked me away in the

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dungeon ten times just for luck like. I had a few thousand when they turned me loose, but I spent 'em travellin'. I thought 't I'd brace up, p'raps, 'f I got a change, so I came over here, an' for a while I drifted all over the shop. If my dough 'ud 'a' held out I'd be on the mooch yet, I guess. I only had twenty pounds when I got back to London, but my nerve was no good, an' I tried for a job on the level, but 't wasn't no good. A bloke that's used up for swipin' ain't up to no kind o' work, good or bad. Course I could turned fly cop. A Yank copper in London offered me good money 'f I'd work for him, but I didn't want to be a mouthpiece, an' that's what I'd 'a' been 'f I'd taken the job. A fellow that the push has treated square is a dirty sucker to go an' live on what he knows, after he gets used up. If I had my way, I'd shoot every son of a cur of a mouthpiece. Well, I tried gamblin' for a bit, but I couldn't win nothin'. A man that's down on 'is luck shouldn't touch the bones; luck brings luck, an' bad luck brings bad; you take my tip. I came here to Liverpool with some London gamblers, but I was out of it here, too, an' got flat on my uppers. I could 'a' raised some dough, I guess, 'f I'd telegraphed home; my rep was good for a thousand or two, an' the boys 'ud 'a' sent it over prob'ly; but a bloke don't like to go home after he knows 't his nerve's gone. Crooks is a charitable lot, right enough, an' stand by a fellow when 'e's just hard hit, but they're queer 's the devil when they run up against a dead one. I know how 'tis, 'cause dead ones have tackled me when I was on my legs, an' I hated to look at 'em. You feel the way you do when you're in an insane asylum. Course a dead one ain't bughouse or anythin' like that; but when you look at him, you keep thinkin' that p'raps it'll be your turn next, an' you get shivery-like. 'Tain't nice in any push, respectable or otherwise, to rubber at a bloke that's gone to pieces, an' I was too proud to let any push rubber at me. I knew 't I couldn't steal worth a damn 'f I went back—any dead one knows that when he's really lost his grip—an' I wasn't goin' to have the push an' the coppers over there belly-achin' around about Carr bein' laid on the shelf. The coppers in the States are the very devil on a dead one. They keep tryin' to make him cough up what he knows, an' 'f he don't cough, they're liable as not to pinch him for a vag. W'y, I've seen 'em actually railroad a dead one to the pen on a fake charge jus' 'cause he wouldn't help 'em get wise. I ain't stuck on England or the coppers here, but the coppers can't cut up with a bloke here the way they do in the States. Course they hammer me ev'ry now an' then, when they take me to the station-house, but that's just a habit they've got into. You see the people over here won't let 'em do any hammerin' in the streets, an' as they've got to get exercise somehow, they do the hammerin' in the station-house. They ain't so wise as our coppers, but they ain't so crooked either. I'd 'a' been dead long before I was 'f I'd been an English crook. A bloke's got to take his medicine over here 'f they catch him, an' it's the med'cine that kills. Course some holds out longer'n I did, but twenty-four years inside ain't a bad record, an' that's the time I spent in the pen. They've had me shut up nearly half my life.

"If I'd stayed in the States, I s'pose I'd be livin' with the hoboes now. They

"'TAIN'T NO PARLOR CAR, PALS, . . . BUT IT FITS ME, AND THAT'S ALL I WANT."

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ain't bad blokes to pal with, but 't 'ud hurt to have to drop down into their push. Course that's what the dead ones do over there—go trampin'—but I ain't sorry 't I'm not with 'em; I don't know how to beg as much as a piece o' bread. After I've sung a song or done a bit of a double shuffle, I don't mind passin' my hat around in the pub, but I get ashamed when I ask for somethin' outright. You wouldn't think that a bloke that's been mixed up in as much crooked work as I have 'ud be that way, but I'm givin' it to you straight. If I should go to a back-door to-morrow mornin' an' ask for a poke-out, I'd blush an' stutter like a bashful kid.

"I tried polishin' shoes for a while, but the 'shines' guyed me so 't I quit. I wasn't no good at it, anyhow. All I can do is to float around, sing a song when people 'll listen to me, an' hold down this old barrel. This place 's been my hang-out for nearly a year now. I used to sleep in an old cellar, but I had to mooch last flittin' day, as they call it. When they move over here, they say they flit.

"Sometimes I think I'd like to go back home, but course I'll never get there. When I'm sober, I try to make out 't I'm English, but I guess the blokes is next. The other day I got pretty jagged, an' for-got all about bein' English. Some jays over in a pub 't I go to was runnin' down the States, an' I called 'em down. I told 'em 't we could stick their bloody little island in one corner of our country, and 't 'ud take Stanley twenty years to find it. Course they basted me—I always get it in the neck when I'm jagged—but I didn't mind. After you're dead, a big quiet like comes on you, an' you don't care what happens.

"It 'ud be nice to see some o' the boys again, an' I'd rather like to croak on the other side, but I don't think about such things much. They got to bury me wher-ever I croak. Some o' the girls up in Lime Street took up a collection for a pal 't I had that croaked, an' buried him in style; but I told 'em they'd better 'a' given a big feed to his friends. I used to be a great bloke for style, but style don't cut no ice with me any more. Course 't ain't nice to wind up in a barrel the way I have, but you can't keep on top forever, an' I'm glad enough sometimes 't I don't have to worry 'bout my reputation any more. You get just as tired out tryin' to hold your posish in the crook world as you do with the millionaires. There ain't a fly crook livin' that don't worry 'bout droppin' down into a low class. I don't have them worries, an' it's a bigger relief 'n you'd think. There ain't no place for me to drop to—I've reached 'de limit.'

"SOME JAYS WAS RUNNIN' DOWN THE STATES, AN' I CALLED 'EM DOWN. 'COURSE THEY BASTED ME.

"If the blokes over here knew me, an' pointed me out to strangers, course I'd feel my tumble worse'n I do, but nobody bothers me. You're the first blokes I've talked to this way since I struck Liver-pool. I don't mind 'f you tell the blokes at home about me. It 'ud 'a' hurt a little a couple o' years ago, 'cause I had some hope then, but it don't matter now; noth-ing matters—see? No one can do any-thin' for me. A city missionary got me 'round to his shop a few months ago, an' tried to brace me up, but I was square. 'You're all right, boss,' I said to him, 'but you can't help me, 'cause I'm a dead one.' He didn't understand what 'dead one' meant, an' I tried to explain; but he couldn't catch on, an' kept talkin' away 'bout religion. I give it to him straight.

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'Religion, boss,' I told him, 'is for them that cares. I don't care. I'm dreened out. You can lock me up or do what you please, 't won't change me a bit. My clock's run down.' Course there's them that laughs 'bout a bloke losin' his grip, an' don't believe in it, but they're foolish. The time was when I wasn't leary of holdin' up an express train single-handed; it's all I can do now to scrape up nerve enough to kill the fleas in this barrel. Some people calls the disease the shivers, an' others calls it the blind eye. I calls it the staggers. You stagger in front of everythin' that it needs grit to do. Some day I'll stagger into a hole, an' the barkeeps won't have any more Barnie to baste, an' the girls won't have to chip in an' help pay for my song. But I've had my fling in my day, men, an' don't you forgit it," and for an instant his eyes snapped and he held his head high.

"YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, BOSS," I SAID TO HIM "BUT YOU CAN'T HELP ME, 'CAUSE I'M A DEAD ONE."

TO MY LATEST!

DEAR little stranger, just come to our home,
Sweet as the honey stored up in the comb,
Fresh as the morning and pink as the rose,
Nothing you know of humanity's woes.

What are you worth, little fellow in pink?
What shall I get for you, eh, do you think?
Here is a wrinkle, and there is a crease,
What do you say is their value apiece?

There, little stranger, lie flat on your back,
Right as a trivet, there's nothing you lack.
Hardly as big as I'd like you to be,
Never mind that—you're a treasure to me.

Dear little heart, you are safe from all harm;
Flutter not, flutter not, rest and be calm.
Oft have I longed for—aye, needed it, too—
Just such a tiny companion as you.

Stay! are you leading me into a trap?
Are you a humbug, you sly little chap?
Well, I must trust you. I'll take you "on spec,"
Dear little, sweet little five-dollar check.

W. B. POWER.

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THE AMERICAN WATCH INDUSTRY.

(BEING ARTICLE NO. 9 IN THE SERIES OF GREAT AMERICAN INDUSTRIES.)

By C. Montgomery M'Govern.

The story of watchmaking in the United States is a story of triumph for the spirit of Americanism. Less than forty years ago a watch industry in America was a thing never dreamed of. England, Germany, and Switzerland had been making all the world's watches for centuries, since the first one was invented by Hele, and it had come to be the accepted belief that for any other country to try to compete with them would be an attempt so ridiculous as to make that country the laughing-stock of the world. Two Americans had the bravery to enter the field, however, in 1850. The result is astonishing. To-day Americans are not only the greatest watchmakers in the world, but in addition to that, they have practically no rivals that are worthy of the name.

Almost all of the first-class watches the world buys to-day are the product of American shops. Whenever a person wants a thoroughly reliable watch, whether in America, Russia, or Australia, he buys one with an American trademark. Why? Not necessarily because he has any particular fondness for the United States, but because any authority will tell him that, no matter what grade of watch he desires, he cannot get a European watch of the same time-keeping quality for anything like the small amount that will purchase a timepiece made in the United States. Foreign watch manufacturers can indeed make a watch that will keep as good time as the best ones manufactured in the United States; but what they cannot do, is to make that timepiece for so little money. And no matter how much money the foreigners spend, they cannot make a watch that will keep better time than an American article that can be bought for comparatively little. This is the more remarkable when we remember that not only has Europe several centuries' more experience in watchmaking than we have, but both labor and materials are much cheaper over there.

The cheapest American watch costs a single dollar. Yet you can buy a German watch that looks the same for half the price. There is a big difference between the two, however. The American article is guaranteed to keep good time, while the German product may go if the owner is lucky. No foreign watchmaker can turn out a watch that he will guarantee, if he has to sell it as low as 100 cents, and that the European consumers realize this is proven by the fact that even in countries where 50-cent watches are made, the public buys more of the American dollar watches than they do of the home product, which costs only half as much. Perhaps it is only justice to the foreign makers to add that they do not intend their cheap watches to be considered seriously, but more as toys.

On the other hand, you can buy a foreign watch that is worth more than the highest-priced American product. But this fact is far from being a stigma on our home manufacturers. There are some people in this world with more money than they know how to spend who are positively eager to spend hundreds of dollars for a single watch. For people of this class a watch is made with as many frills as can be squeezed into so small a space without actually preventing the watch from going, and the materials used in the making of the works are the most expensive (yet not necessarily the most serviceable) that can be obtained. The works of these watches, as well as their cases, are made of solid gold or silver, and the jewels used are superfine diamonds. But these watches will not keep better time than those in which the works are of nickel, steel, or brass—indeed, it is a question if the time-keeping qualities of the higher-priced article are not made in-

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ferior by the frills—and as there are comparatively few people anxious to spend $500 for a watch, when they can get one more reliable for a fifth of the amount, the popularity of the "freak" watches (as they are called in American shops) is small. A few of these are made in this country, but the great majority are produced abroad, and will continue to be, as American makers do not care to handle them; they prefer to adhere closely to that commendable keynote of American commercialism, the very best *utility* for the very smallest cost.

An interesting incident, which illustrates the high reputation abroad of American watches, happened near London not long ago. At the Royal Observatory at Greenwich (the place from which geographical distances are spaced off on all maps) there is a high tower upon which is mounted a long steel bar, up and down which slides a large ball that can be seen for miles around on a clear day. Usually this ball is kept at the top of the steel bar, but every day at one o'clock (to the fraction of an instant) this ball drops to the bottom of the bar, and in doing so not only announces to all who see it that it is one o'clock, but it also "breaks" an electrical circuit, which in turn sets the time for the whole United Kingdom. For years this has been going on presumably without the slightest error; but one day when a Londoner named Thomas Wheate saw the ball dropping just 18 *seconds* too soon (by his American watch), he was so convinced that it was the Observatory and not his watch that was at fault, that he told his friends that the Royal Astronomer had for once set the nation's time incorrectly. As might be imagined, they one and all broke out in a roar of laughter at the absurdity of an ordinary American watch being a better timekeeper than the great clocks at the National Observatory. But this did not cause Mr. Wheate to be shaken in his faith in his American watch, so he sat down and wrote a note to the Royal Astronomer relating the incident and asking if he were not right. To his gratification, a few days later, he received a cordial reply from that high official in which he stated that the American watch was indeed correct, that by a curious accident the time-ball had dropped just 18 seconds ahead of time. Both the letters are now cherished objects in the office of an American watch factory today.

But let us find out the secret of how Americans have become the greatest watchmakers in the world. Up to 1850 every watch in existence had been made by hand. This in itself made a watch very costly, yet it had the further financial drawback that, all the pieces being made by hand, if one of the pieces in a finished watch—let us say a cogwheel—should be damaged, the owner of the watch would have to pay a jeweller a big price in order to have him make a new wheel. In addition, the owner had a long wait. In those days a certain part of one watch would not fit into the same part of another watch, even when the two watches were made by the same maker and were theoretically exactly alike. This was on account of the fact that, no matter how skilful a human hand may be, it cannot make a number of pieces of mechanism of the same kind so exactly alike that they will all be interchangeable in so carefully and minutely arranged an object as a watch. Every watchmaker for a couple of centuries had been aware of this fact, and although they would have liked to lower the price of watches, and thus make them more popular, the makers had all come to the conclusion that good watches would never be materially cheaper.

That was well enough from the European point of view, but in 1850 two Boston jewellers began to think the matter over from the viewpoint so characteristic of our nation, to wit, if the old beaten track to reach a goal is found to be too winding, why what's the matter with blazing new pathways—pathways that will be direct cuts? "Custom," they said, "ordains that watches be made by hand; but if silk and shoes and other things that used to be made by hand-tools can now be so successfully made with machinery,

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why on earth can we not make watches in the same up-to-date fashion?" Such a proposition appears so simple to us of to-day that we would naturally suppose everybody of fifty years ago welcomed the suggestion with open arms. But not so. A factory was built near Boston, and $20,000 was invested in what was then considered wonderful machinery, and although every one began to talk of the new idea in watchmaking, the jewellers, even in this country, considered the scheme so wild that they would not handle the watches, and strongly urged their customers not to throw away their money on them.

So the concern failed, and it was not until the Civil War broke out, and patriotism was running higher than usual, that Americans began to try their home product. From that time on the popularity of United States watches grew steadily, and in such great strides that in these comparatively few years they have become the standard for quality and price the world over.

It does not require a very brilliant imagination for any one to realize that the foreign watchmakers, who had been laughing at the "absurdity" of the American plan, made a rush to adopt it themselves when they found their trade was rapidly slipping away from them. But the foreigners were too slow. By the time they woke up to the fact that they must have machinery in their shops, and had installed it, the Americans had meanwhile invented better machinery. So rapid was the rate at which better machinery was invented here, that the Americans had run the foreign watchmakers practically out of business before they had a chance to catch up with the newer order of things.

Wonderful machinery, however, is not all the secret of the American watchmakers' stupendous success. Combined with it all along has been careful but radical and quick business generalship. Half of each factory's brains is devoted to devising the best models of watches, and the other half in devising ways of manufacturing watches like these models at the smallest cost, in the shortest time, and marketing them in such enormous quantities that the cost of the watches individually is kept down to the extreme minimum. The master watchmaker of old was a mechanic, who often could neither read nor write, who was satisfied to work with his own fingers as much as with his brain, and who looked no higher than for a living profit for himself and his few employees. The master watchmaker of to-day is, indeed, a mechanic who has started in at $1.25 a day, but he first got a college education and then worked his way up, until he no longer works with his hands, deriving higher satisfaction from the working of his brain alone.

The watch factories of the United States are not confined to any one section of the country, as they do not depend on any geographical condition for their success. Connecticut, however, has two big ones, both of which are at Waterbury. Massachusetts has one at Waltham, and Illinois one at Elgin. Others are scattered over all the other manufacturing States.

It is a fascinating experience to visit a great American watch factory. It makes no difference which one is selected, for they are all practically the same. On the ground floor of the factory are the heavy machines that do the coarser work in the making of a watch, the machinery becoming lighter and more delicate until the sixth floor is reached. Up there we find a corps of nimble-fingered girls operating tiny machines for the last test of the delicate hairsprings before they are placed in the watches.

It is not practicable to describe more than a few of the wonderful machines in a watch factory, so great is their number. A few specimens, however, will give a good idea of the rest. The case-making machine is probably the one that opens the visitor's eyes most widely. Take out your watch, if yours is a fancy one, and notice the beautiful curves and the delicate carving in the case. Would you ever have supposed that the whole thing was done in a single second? In a watch

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factory a boy picks up a strip of metal twenty feet long, four inches wide, and as thick as a cardboard, and has only to push the strip gradually into the mouth of a machine, when the machine will spit it out on the opposite side in the form of circular, flat disks at the rate of about 5,000 per hour. A second boy has only to feed these disks one by one into another machine, from which they quickly emerge finished watch cases—curved, embossed, milled, and engraved. (I speak here only of cases for open-faced watches, having snapbacks, and no "interior dome." Other classes of watch cases require more work, but it is all done with similar rapidity.) Forty years ago it took a skilled adult days and days to do the same amount of work that an unskilled pair of boys can now do in a few seconds.

Take up your watch and examine the stem; you will notice that it is a piece of metal with a hole through the centre of its length, that it has two holes in its sides for the insertion of the ring that attaches the watch to the chain, and that it has some neat shaping near the end where the stem joins the case proper. (I do not include the milled hump on the top of stem-winding watches.) If the reader has ever stopped to think about the matter, he will probably have concluded that these stems are made by casting them separately in moulds. If he does, he errs. Moulding so small a thing as that would cost more money than the reader would be willing to pay. Accordingly, a machine is used which *cuts* these stems out of solid metal in so short a time that the spectator's eyes cannot follow the operation when the machine is running at regular speed. A rod of brass or silver or nickel, as the case may be, twenty-five feet long and one-half inch thick, is placed in the mouth of one of these machines, an electric button is touched, and off starts the machine. Without the further aid of human hands, even feeding itself, the machine cuts the rod into the lengths of watch stems, bores holes through the centre of each, pares down the sides, puts the two ring-clasping holes in the sides, carves a deep circle or two, puts on a "shoulder" (by simply cutting away the adjoining portions of the stem), and out drops the finished stem into a box, where without the least further finishing it is ready to be placed on the watch case. As each rod contains sufficient raw material for some three hundred finished stems, all these stem-making machines absolutely run themselves until that number of stems has been turned out of each; after that they require no further care than to receive a fresh rod.

One would think, too, that the bells on an alarm clock—these are made to a great extent in some American watch factories—must all be moulded separately. But not so. You could not buy an alarm clock for 75 cents if its bell had to be made in that way. A strip of steel, plain and flat, twenty feet long and eight inches wide, is fed into a machine, and out it comes in the form of finished bells at the rate of one per second for every machine.

There are some parts of a watch, however, which cannot be punched or stamped into shape, although it would appear to the layman that such a way would be very easy. Take, for example, the little cog-wheels. If these were stamped out the cogs would be so brittle that they would break off after a short usage; hence these wheels must each be shaped by *filing*. To file these by hand files, however, would make each watch cost several dollars more, and that was the way they used to do it until an employee invented the steam file. By means of this machine several hundred plain flat disks can be taken at a time, run through its revolving file, and the whole lot of cogwheels finished in less time than it formerly took to file one cog in a single wheel. And notwithstanding the great speed, the machine-made cog-wheels are more desirable than those made by hand; they are tougher, more exact, and any one of them is interchangeable in a watch for any similar wheel that has been damaged if the injured wheel was made by the same machines.

Perhaps there is no better way of con-

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veying a conception of the vast importance of the machines in the watchmaking industry than to mention a few statistics. To begin with, this machinery is very costly. In a certain big factory the machinery alone cost a million dollars, to say nothing of the cost of the buildings to house the machinery, and the cost of the apparatus to give them power. In this connection it may be interesting to note that "electricity is king" in all big watch factories—running all of the machines, as well as lighting the place and keeping it cool. But the results obtained from the machinery are truly amazing. Although it requires only 1,800 people to do all the human labor in the factory—many of them never touching a machine—there is a total product every working day in the year of at least 3,000,000 individual pieces; that is, once the machinery is installed it enables the comparatively small number of 1,800 people, with small running expense, to turn out a billion wheels, cases, bells, pinions, etc., in a single year.

The machines are bewilderingly complicated in their arrangement, but so simple are their results and so perfect their management that, although the writer spent an entire day in the place, he failed to find a single screw, hand, spring, or other tiny object apparently out of place. Two million watches and clocks are shipped from this factory every year, and the cheapest one undergoes at least 800 distinct operations. Is it not wonderful that you can buy for a single dollar a watch or a clock that it required 800 different kinds of operations to produce?

It would appear to many readers that it ought to be an easy matter for the foreign watchmakers to build up their trade again by installing machinery like this in their own shops. That would, indeed, be an easy matter if they could purchase the machinery; but they cannot. No amount of money would induce an American watchmaker to sell one of his machines or tell how they are made. They are invented for the most part by each company's own employees, are made in the company's own shops, and to keep their mechanism a secret they are not even patented by the different firms. There is no fear of ideas being stolen either, for no stranger is ever allowed inside a big watch factory, and even the employees must not enter any room but their own. As for the employees in charge of the machines themselves, they are all selected for their exceptional honesty, and no secret has ever leaked out through them.

As each machine turns out its given number of individual pieces—cases, stems, rings, etc.—they are brought in hand-carts to the "assembling room," down the length of which run four wide tables, at which sit, every few feet apart, several hundred nimble-fingered men and women, who put the parts of watches together as readily as a child puts together his house of alphabet blocks. The moment the last screw is set the watch starts off of its own accord. Then it is placed in a large glass case and kept under its assembler's eyes for four whole days, and if it works correctly—as is practically always the case, the machinery being so true—it is sent to the "finishing room," where it is placed in a case, provided with dials, hands, and given a final rub, after which it is sent to the "test room." In the latter place every watch remains at least four days more, running all the while, being wound by machinery every day. One day the watch lies flat, the next two days it lies obliquely, and for the remainder of the time it stands in a perpendicular position. It is subjected to days of alternate heat and cold, and to a number of other tests beyond the layman's comprehension, and if after all these manœuvres the watch does not lose or gain more than one minute in the four days, it is passed into the "shipping room." This is in the case of a cheap watch. For an expensive one, the test is materially the same, except that it must not gain or lose even so much as a minute in the four days it remains under the tester's eyes.

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By Anna Mathewson.

THE PREFACE.

(*Read Both Sides in Alternate Paragraphs.*)

Now for a quiet smoke while I think it all over.

A match! Oh, dear, it's the new managing editor; and, somehow, I thought he looked rather different from the rest of them.

Braice, old man, you're getting to the top of the ladder. Hard work, too, with nobody to lend a hand. Managing editor at thirty isn't bad; it ought to mean chief in about five years if nothing happens, and then——

There is some excuse for a young reporter, but he must be about forty, I suppose. I could hardly tell in this light, but probably managing editors are always at least that old. Dear me, I didn't mean to cough! That horrid smoke!

Forgot there was a girl in that next room. What's her name? Oh, yes:
"If you object to cigar smoke, Miss Garrison, I can shut this door."

"It is not necessary, thank you, Mr. Braice; I am accustomed to it."

A pretty, gentle-looking girl like that really ought to have objected to it. It's an unnatural thing for a woman to like. I haven't any use for one who does.

Now what does he think would happen if the society editor dared to have an opinion reflecting on any of the managing editor's ways? I have learned enough of the business already to know that that wouldn't do at all.

Ridiculous habit it is! I wonder why I ever took it up. If there had been anybody to ask me to drop it— Perhaps some day— A man can begin to think of marrying, with this salary.

He might have guessed without asking, and closed the door anyway; but probably he is such a slave to it that he cannot imagine any one really disliking it. I do pity his poor wife, with a house full of smoke!

Why the dickens can't she run that machine more lightly? I never heard such an unnecessary noise. The door

Oh, dear, that whistling in the hall means Mr. Wilton! Well; he'll find that he is not going to talk much to me this

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will have to be kept shut when I start working to-morrow.

time. A typewriter, vigorously used, is better protection than a chaperon.

(Click, click, clicketty, click—ding—click, clicketty, click—rrrrr—bang—click, click, etc.)

Who is that? Oh, yes; the handsome artist. Showing her something he has drawn, I suppose. Why, the poor little thing—doesn't she dare stop a minute, for fear my editorial eye will be on her?

"Yes, Mr. Wilton; it is a very striking illustration, but I really cannot stop to study it carefully; my work is too far behind."

"Oh, there are plenty of other girls who would be delighted to pose for you. I am sure I don't look the character you need for that story."

Shyness, maybe; it must be rather embarrassing to have a fellow putting on such sentimental airs in a business office.

"How often have I suggested, Mr. Wilton, that I detest such compliments?"

'Cute way she has of glancing up so quickly. Sort of little humming-bird motion that would be absurd in a tall girl. Don't see how he can hear a word above that clicking. Wonder what they find to talk about so long. Very interesting—to themselves, no doubt.

He's lighting a cigarette. Ah, that's why she is so "accustomed" to smoking that she doesn't object, is it?

"If you want to smoke that cigarette, please go back to your own room. Oh, you know perfectly well what I think of it!"

What did he say? To be sure—wants her to pose for him. Good idea, Mr. Wilton. She's very picturesque, with that black hair.

"Of course, if you really cannot find any one else, I'll pose for the sketch. But please do try, for I am so tired after working here all day."

She is delighted, I suppose. Why doesn't she stop a second and look at the poor chap? Wants to tantalize him a trifle, perhaps.

"Yes; if you need me. I will speak to mother about it, and you could come up to the house some evening this week. Good-bye."

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Funny little girl she is—stopping all that racket the instant he goes! Blissful reverie; that's next in order, naturally.

Stunning-looking chap; not brilliant, perhaps, but she may not require anything in that line.

Wonder what she writes beside the society stuff?

Don't see why they haven't had an older woman. She's too pretty to do much earnest work; and then it's more or less distracting to the men on the staff.

Sounds nice!

But singing in an office is not very business-like.

All right in a home, though——

Sweet voice that was!

"Good-night, Miss—er—Garrison; good-night."

I ought to feel more willing to help him along, for he certainly cannot afford to engage models all the time. His people are nice, too. But he is so conceited; and when he keeps on paying imbecile compliments, a saint would be out of patience.

One page more; and then I can go home to dear little motherkin—bless her!

There! The best day's work I have done yet, I do believe. Interesting subjects, like this "Social Settlement," are so much easier to do than that society nonsense. I do hope they will give me more of them.

I could have finished just on time if that bothering fellow had stayed away. His work is almost play compared to mine. Where has that other glove gone? This hat doesn't feel at all straight. I'd like to hang a small mirror here, but it would look so vain. Now, my darling little bunch of violets—

"'The violet loves a sunny bank;
The cowslip loves the lea;
The scarlet creeper loves the elm;
But I—'"

Gracious! I forgot the new editor in there! Perhaps it wasn't loud enough for him to hear—yes, he is staring this way; too bad! Disgusted, very likely, at being disturbed. There's no help for it now, though.

"Good-night, Mr. Braice."

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THE STORY.

Six months to-day since I came. How things have changed; and, at the same time, how they have not! To think of all I feel for her now, while she hasn't altered one particle toward me! How could I have been such a fool at first, misunderstanding, underrating her so? Just because she was pretty, what possessed me to assume that she amounted to nothing else? She must have felt it, and that is reason enough for my never getting a step farther, even if it were not for Wilton. Oh, you dear, little, blue-eyed girl—if I could only make you forget him and begin to care for me instead!

Here she comes. The darling!

Why, how early he is to-day! A new suit, I do believe. I like him in that brown; it just matches his hair and eyes. I wonder if he has any idea how nice his eyes are, so kind, so——

"Good-morning—er—Miss Garrison."

"Good-morning, Mr. Braice."

"You'll find that manuscript on your desk, Miss Garrison. In one part, I think, a slight alteration might be an improvement; you will see where I made some notes on the margin. I shall be glad if you can have it ready by to-morrow, because I have arranged with an outside artist for the illustrations. Mr. Wilton's time is filled for this week. Please let me know if you can manage the change I suggest."

"Yes, Mr. Braice."

How delightful to have some one else do the sketches! They are sure to be better than his dear friend Wilton's at any rate, though I don't dare to say so.

I shall have at least one of her stories not marred by his affected drawings. This is too good for him to touch—really too dainty for a newspaper, anyway.

I wish I knew whether he likes my story a little.

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Wonder at her making the hero so old as forty; my thirty years would sound quite juvenile to her, compared to that, though she can't be over twenty herself. Wilton is only twenty-five. A nice age.

But what has age to do with it? Nothing. Of course she thinks he has some qualities in his make-up that I know he hasn't and never will have. She is not going to waste such a love as hers on that selfish fellow, while I am alive to prevent it. God bless her!

I wish I could go to her and say plainly: "You are in danger of making the mistake of your life. This man you are beginning to care for, is not worthy of you in any way; apart from his looks he doesn't deserve a second thought; he is conceited and lazy and utterly unstable. I have been studying him carefully for your sake—" (No, I should hardly tell her that!) "I have been studying him, even been quite chummy with him—for reasons of my own, but not because I found him congenial. I know, from what he says, that he doesn't mean to care seriously for you, because—to put it bluntly—he wants a wife with sufficient income to let him play a guitar in his studio or sketch when the fancy takes him; he——"

There—what is the use? She would be too loyal to listen that far if she loves him, and she wouldn't believe it, anyway.

The best thing is to take him away as soon as I can. I shall put it through, no matter what it costs me. One comfort is that I can hardly suffer more than I do now. And yet, to be off there where I can't see her from day to day—the

If he has recognized himself and is angry at being written up! But I can't help his happening to have just the points that I needed for my hero.

It does seem provoking that the very first man I have seen in all these twenty-two years who is really interesting and satisfactory, the sort of friend one could depend upon to wear well, should be so wrapped up in his work that he has no thought left for anything the least bit outside of that. The idea of his living in a hotel by himself, and spending his time reading all alone; and not being acquainted with a solitary girl, as Harry Wilton says—it's a perfect shame!

I wish I could go to him and say frankly: "Don't you think you are making a great mistake in being such an hermit? When you grow old, what comfort will a business or literary success be, if there are no real friends to help you enjoy it and be proud of what you have won?

"And if you don't want any girl friends, at least you might select some more suitable men than Harry Wilton. I cannot imagine what you see in him—indeed, that is the one thing about you that I don't like at all.

"If you could know how hateful he has been to me for the past week, because I felt obliged to show him plainly that I would not stand any more of his attentions, you would realize that you may be sorry some day for having wasted so much time on him."

And about then he would say: "Miss—er—Garrison" (he hardly remembers my name yet), "the attention you are giving to my personal affairs would better be devoted to your work." And he would be quite right, too. Now for the story. I wonder where he wants it altered.

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one thing I am living for—how am I going to stand it?

Gordon Braice, you are acting like a coward! Pull yourself together and go at your work. Remember you are going to put this through for her sake—all for her; and don't lose your grip for another moment.

Splendid! That was just the weak point, and yet I couldn't see how to change it. So clever of him! I must rewrite that part as fast as I can.

THE BEGINNING OF THE SEQUEL.

Now where can I have put that letter? It was here a few minutes ago. Ah! No, only the envelope. Where——

"Certainly—er—Miss Garrison, come in." (Lucky she doesn't know how often I just stop short of saying "Ethel" or perhaps something even worse!)

"Don't worry about that at all; it was entirely due to my carelessness. There would have been no harm done if you had read the whole letter. You have merely learned a little in advance of our other friends here that this Chicago paper has made such an offer to Mr. Wilton and myself."

What is this—a letter? Oh, something to help with the story, of course, or he wouldn't have put it in here.

"MY DEAR BRAICE:

We will accept your condition and make room on the staff for your friend, Mr. Wilton, for we must have you as soon as you can come. The paper is running down hill for want of—"

Why, what can it mean? I don't believe he meant to show me this at all. Oh, but it can't be that he is going—really going away——

Ethel Garrison, I am thoroughly ashamed of you! Most girls would be crying over having read another person's letter, but all you are caring about is—And a man that has hardly looked at you twice, and can't usually recollect your name!

"Mr. Braice, this letter was among the pages of that story; and I read the first of it before I realized what it was, and I am so sorry—so very sorry——"

(It's true, then; he is really going!)

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(Wish I could have broken it to her gently; she looks awfully white. Evidently she cares for him even more than I thought.)

"Please sit down just a moment—you must take things easy this hot weather. Nothing will be said about it for a few days; though we have practically decided to accept."

(I must fill in somehow, to help her out. Poor little girl!)

"I feel a selfish regret, Miss Garrison, that I have not had more opportunity for becoming acquainted during these months. I am greatly interested in—your writing."

(It is going to be too much for me if she looks that way again. Those beautiful eyes—tears in them, by George! And it wouldn't help it to kick Wilton——)

"There is an unusual charm in that little story of yours. You ought to have a decided success, it seems to me; and if there is ever any way for me to be useful to you in this line, I hope you will give me the chance of proving my—willingness to serve you."

(Maybe she means by that that she won't let Wilton spoil her whole outlook, after all. I hope she can take it that way. Well, I must say all I can, no matter how hard it comes.)

"If I pass this way a few years from now—er—Miss Garrison, I may find you a celebrated author. In any event, I feel sure, if you will allow me to say so, that the future is to bring you a great deal of happiness in some shape. Yet don't be in a hurry to plan it too definitely. A literary career is apt to imply a lonely life; all very well for a man, perhaps, but not for a woman—such as you are."

(Hold on, Braice; you're getting too much in earnest!)

"I hope you will forgive all this uncalled-for advice. You see, I have no sisters to work it off on, and when a man has

(If he had only said that long ago, we might have been friends by this time; but it's too late now.)

"Thank you, very much, Mr. Braice. I am glad you like the story. I intend to devote myself seriously to writing, so it means a good deal to be encouraged at the start."

(What a strange thing for him to say! Well, he shan't see that I care at all.)

"I shall never care to be anything but a writer."

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lived so much alone, he is apt to grow dictatorial and to place a high value on his own opinions."

"Well, but, even if you have not given it a thought yet, you will surely find the most happiness in a home of your own; and when the right man comes along, don't refuse him because of any hasty decision made in these days. Only be sure to wait for just the right one——"

(Meaning Wilton—how plucky of her.)
"Not if he actually is the right one—er—Miss Garrison. That's one proof of it. He couldn't see you day after day or read those stories that give such a glimpse of your heart, without learning to love you as I—as I know you deserve to be loved."

"Glad? Why, no; if it were not for taking Wilt—" (Braice, you idiot, what are you saying?)

"I mean on some accounts I am glad to go." (If I could only tell her the truth!)

(What's this?)

(Can she mean it? Yes, yes! She doesn't care for him, after all. How could I be such a fool as to believe him? I ought to have known better.
Oh, Ethel, I want to take you right in my arms——)

"I am not offended, Miss Garrison; most certainly not. It is extremely kind of you to speak so frankly. It was a hard thing to do, for any one would suppose, naturally, that he and I were great friends; which is not the case. I am not able to explain it—that is, at pres-

"Oh, the 'literary spinster' is my plan, in spite of your warning, Mr. Braice. It settles the question so easily, and prevents my ever fancying some unfortunate person to be the 'right one,' when he might hold totally different views."

(I can't stand anything more like that!)
"I have forgotten to congratulate you on the new position. Of course you are very glad to go?"

(What? Why, he said, "For Wilton!" I do believe that selfish fellow has persuaded him to go against his will.)

(Oh, I must speak; it wouldn't be fair not to!)

"Of course, Mr. Braice, I have no right to say it, but if you are going at all on Mr. Wilton's account, I hope you will think it over carefully—it seems to be my turn to give advice."

"Please don't be offended. I know what friends you are, but I have been acquainted with him much longer, and—Oh, truly, he will disappoint you if you depend upon him for anything. I am so afraid you will be sorry for it some day."

(How excited he looks! Too indignant to speak, I suppose.)
"But isn't it a sacrifice on your part, in some way?"

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ent; so you cannot understand the situation——"

"Well—in a way, perhaps, a sort of sacrifice; but, honestly, you mustn't give me any credit for that."

"I shall 'think it over carefully,' as you advised, before deciding. You see, Wilton is tired of staying here."

"But I—am not."

"Well; of course, they don't know him. Possibly they may take him alone if I ask them to."

(That sounds refreshing. How hard it is to go slowly, when I want to tell her everything!)

"Wilton will be disgusted; but I realize that I have been making a mistake."

"No, I feel that your estimate of him is correct."

"It's the only thing that could——"

"You haven't told me yet whether my suggestion was any help."

"If I stay here, I might occasionally be of use in that way. And if we are co-authors, I hope it implies our being friends?"

"Just a moment! I won't say any more now; it's neither the place, nor the time—yet. But some day—er—Ethel, some day——"

"And I? Tell me!"

"That will answer itself when you know my side of the story."

"I felt sure of it. It was all shown in your face."

"Yes?"

"And that letter implied that they would not take him without you."

"I should think he might make his own position, as you have done, so he would be wanted somewhere."

(How odd for him to change his mind so suddenly about such an important thing; what can be the reason?)

"Perhaps I have judged him too severely. You may have seen more in him than I ever could."

"Oh, please don't let my opinion influence you in——"

"I must go and finish my story."

"It is a great improvement. I am ever so much obliged. I never could have thought of that myself."

"Oh, certainly; but I haven't time now——"

"I must go."

"You—might stay; unless you prefer Chicago and Mr. Wilton."

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STUART ROBSON, JR. AND SR.

FIFTY YEARS OF MY LIFE.

By Stuart Robson.

PART V.

The injustice of the American people to Edwin Booth is remarkable. Every country but ours pays grateful tribute to the masters of the stage. Age and service all delight to honor; with us they seem to be a crime. Honors and riches are bestowed on actors there; with us, neglect and abuse seem to be the rule. Forrest's last appearance as an actor brought him a house of $187, and a reputation to posterity of "lungs and legs." Frank Mayo —great actor and good man—was sneered at and ridiculed because he dared to spend a fortune, earned by years of hard work, in the production of Shakespearian plays; Janauscheck, foreign born but a native artist, is practically penniless; we have given riches to Jefferson, but abuse him because *we* have doomed him to a single part; Raymond was buried by the charity of his comrades; John R. Scott, almshouse; Lawrence Barrett, misrepresentation and slander, because he strove for the intellectual in our art, and got it. Success in almost every other calling is a virtue, in ours it is a vice—if we live long enough.

Booth built the most complete theatre we have yet seen in America. His productions, from every point of view, were perfect; his actors were of the first rank. His theatre cost nearly a million dollars, and his weekly expenses have never been equalled by any other manager. In return for this splendid tribute to his art, his productions were pronounced "tinselled, tawdry, and incomplete," and his company "the worst ever employed in the support of a star." Bankrupt, broken-hearted, his health shattered by the crime of his crazy brother, worried by the condition of his mother, who never recovered from the shock of the awful tragedy which resulted in the poor fool's death, and by the loss of a wife whom he adored, the betrayal of nearly every trust he imposed on his friends, the good man, the great actor, left the scene of his best fight, declaring it to be his living tomb.

Then Henry Irving comes—an actor and manager of the first class—probably the most conspicuous in the "Gladstonian sense" the stage has known. The work of Booth is forgotten; press and public declare Irving's art, his scenery, his actors, a revelation. Great praise for Irving is proper, but why do so at the expense of our own leader? England honors its actors with resting places in Westminster Abbey.* The graves of Forrest, Charlotte Cushman, Burton, Booth, and Barrett are known only to those who search for them. In a short time their names will be forgot-

* David Garrick. Died January 20, 1779. Buried in Westminster Abbey. A truly remarkable man, distinguished as an actor, author, manager, business man, and a most agreeable member of society; the best of husbands, a just, honorable man, liberal in important things, for which he prepared himself by being careful (or penurious, his enemies said) in trifles.

"Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man.
As an actor, confessed, without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the first line.
Yet with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting,
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting."
—*Oliver Goldsmith.*

Thomas Betterton—"Noblest of English actors."—*Pope.* Died April 17, 1710. Buried in Westminster Abbey.

"It is the 15th of April, 1710, his benefit night, and tears are in the good wife's eyes, and a painful smile on her trembling lips, for Betterton kisses her as he goes forth to take leave, as it proved, of the stage forever. He is in

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ten—one name, perhaps, may live, to be spoken of by posterity, not as the foremost actor of his time, but as the brother of the wretch who killed the first man of his century.*

Though Booth had not Barrett's scholar-

such pain from gout that he can scarcely walk to his carriage, and how is he to enact the noble and fiery Melantius in 'The Maid's Tragedy'? Hoping for the best, the old player is conveyed to the theatre. Through the stage door he is carried in loving arms to his dressing-room. At the end of an hour Wilks is there, and Pinkethman, and Mrs. Barry—all dressed for their parts, and pleased to find Melantius robed, armored, and besworded, with one foot in a buskin and the other in a slipper. To enable him to wear the latter, he had first thrust his inflamed foot into water; but stout as he seemed—trying his strength to and fro in the room—the hand of Death was at that moment descending on the grandest of English actors. The house reverently rose to receive him who had delighted themselves, their sires, and their grandsires. Instinctively they seemed to feel that the grand old man was about to utter his last words, and to belong thenceforward only to the history of the stage he had adorned.

"There was a shout which shook the house as Lysippus uttered the words, 'noble Melantius,' which heralded his coming. Every word which could be applied to himself was marked by a storm of applause, and when Melantius said of Amintos,

> 'His youth did promise much, and his ripe years
> Will see it all performed,'

a murmuring comment ran round the house, that this had been effected by Betterton himself. Again, when he bid Amintos 'hear thy friend, who has more years than thou,' there were probably few who did not wish that Betterton was as young as Wilks; but when he subsequently thundered forth the famous passage, 'my heart will never fail me,' there was a very tempest of excitement, which was carried to its utmost height, in thundering peal on peal of unbridled approbation, as the great actor gazed full on the house, exclaiming—

> 'My heart
> And limbs are still the same—my will as great
> To do you service!'

No one doubted more than a fractional part of this assertion, and Betterton, acting to the end under a continual fire of 'bravos,' may have thrown more than the original meaning into the phrase,

> 'That little word was worth all the sounds
> That ever I shall hear again!'

Few were the words he was destined ever to hear again. In eight and forty hours after they were uttered Betterton was dead.

"Such was the close of a career which had commenced more than half a century before. Betterton and his wife had lived together nearly fifty years. When he died, the lady was so strongly affected that she ran distracted, and her life was ended in a mad-house.

"He was an actor as Shakespeare was an author—both without competitors."—*Bishop Tillotson.*

Anne Oldfield. Died October 23, 1730. Buried in Westminster Abbey. The details of her last moment, as given by Pope, mingle a little truth with much error and exaggeration:

> "'Odious! in woolen? 'twould a saint provoke!'
> Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke.
> 'No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
> Wrap my cold limbs and shade my lifeless face.
> One would not sure be frightful, when one's dead—
> And, Betty, give this cheek a little red!'"

James Quin. Died January 21, 1766. Buried in Westminster Abbey. Garrick placed the following lines on the old actor's tomb:

> "That tongue, which set the table in a roar,
> And charmed the public ear, is heard no more;
> Closed are those eyes, the harbingers of wit,
> Which spake, before this tongue, what Shakespeare writ.
> Cold is that hand which, living, was stretched forth
> At friendship's call, to succor modest worth.
> Here lies *James Quin*. Deign, reader, to be taught
> Whate'er thy strength of body, force of thought,
> In Nature's happy mould however cast,
> 'To this complexion must we come at last.'"

Kind-hearted people have remarked that Garrick never said so much of Quin when he was alive. Perhaps not. He struggled with Quin for mastery, vanquished him, became his friend, and hung up over his grave a glowing testimony to his talent and his virtues. This was in the spirit of old chivalry. What would kind-hearted people have?

Quin left some reputation as a humorist. Of all his jests there is nothing finer than two which elicited the warm approval of Horace Walpole. Bishop Warburton, in company at Bath, spoke in support of prerogative. Quin said, "Pray, my Lord, spare me—you are not acquainted with my principles. I am a republican; and perhaps I even think that the execution of Charles the First might be justified." "Ay!" said Warburton, "by what law?" Quin replied: "By all the laws he had left them." Walpole saw the sum of the whole controversy couched in those eight monosyllables, and the more he examined the sententious truth, the finer he found it. The Bishop thought otherwise, and "would have got off upon judgments." He bade the player remember that all the regicides came to violent ends—a lie, but no matter. "I would not advise your lordship," said Quin, "to make use of that inference, for, if I am not mistaken, that was the case of the twelve apostles." Archbishop Whately could not have more logically overthrown conclusions which discern God's anger in individual afflictions.

In his latest days Quin's powers of retort never failed him. He was in that closing season when a fop condoled with him on growing old, and asked what the actor would give to be as young as *he* was. "I would almost be content to be as foolish!" was Quin's reply.

* Ten days after John Wilkes Booth assassinated President Lincoln, he himself was killed by a simple fellow named Boston Corbett. Sudden and violent deaths of actors both on and off the stage have not been uncommon. In 1757, Peg Woffington, just having spoken the line "I would kiss you all!" was struck by paralysis. Bond, in 1735, died while blessing his children. Betterton, in 1710, who had driven in his gout to appear at his benefit, died two days thereafter. In 1759, Patterson, when performing the Duke in "Measure for Measure," and saying "Reason thus with life," dropped into Moody's arms and expired. In 1776, Mrs. Jefferson, at rehearsal, fell into the same actor's arms and expired. In 1769, Holland was so frightened at seeing a large rat run across the stage, that he died in a fit of hysterical laughter. In 1799, Chickingham burst a blood vessel while playing in "The Castle Spectre." In 1817, Canning, in "Jane Shore," at the words "may such befall me at my latest hour," fell down and expired. In 1850, Mrs. Glover took her last benefit, but was almost unconscious, and died the next day. In 1798, John Palmer, while playing "The Stranger," had just uttered the words "There is another and a better world," when he fell dead in the arms of Baron Steinfort. In 1833, Edmund Kean fell into his son's arms when playing "Othello," saying, "Charles, I am dying!" In 1858, Harley, playing Bottom in "Midsummer Night's Dream," was seized by paralysis and died in a day; his last words being from his part, "I have an exposition of sleep come upon me!" In 1861, James Bland died at the stage door of the Strand Theatre, London, in a trifling altercation with a minor actor, his last words being "The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!" In 1863, James Rodgers, at the end of the play, died in an arm-chair holding his wife's hand and saying "The little raffle is over!" In 1891, Lawrence Barrett, who was playing De Mauprat to the Richelieu of Edwin Booth, fell fainting to the stage. In forty hours he was dead. His last words were "There is no darkness but ignorance."

In 1895, three gentlemen were in the dining-room car of a train between Denver and Omaha—Roland Reed, Col. R. G. Ingersoll, and Frank Mayo. They were discussing the possible methods of dealing with criminals.

"The prevention of marriage among habitual criminals is the proper method for the lessening of crime," said the Colonel.

"Education can do better than that," said Mayo; "open a school you close a prison."

His last words: "Dinner ready in the dining car!" Don't disturb him, he is sleeping. Yes, his last sleep.

"A few tears, a few words, a few flowers, are all that the living can give to the dead."

Then "last, but not least in our dear love—the noblest Roman of them all"—Edwin Forrest.

In the early morning of December 12, 1872, the servants of Mr. Forrest found him dead in his bed, an open Bible by his side and a dumb-bell clutched in his hand. Between the leaves of the sacred volume was found a "book-mark card" on which was printed "Aged Sinner come to God!"

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LAWRENCE BARRETT WHEN 43 YEARS OF AGE.

ship, he was a man of considerable culture, and the most lovable man I ever knew. There were many things in his life that tended to make him the melancholy figure he was, foremost among which, of course, was the act of his brother, and then his own delicate constitution. There were times when it was impossible for him to act through physical weakness. He had, too, I think, a natural tendency toward melancholia, just as his brother, John Wilkes, had towards self-exploitation.

Lawrence Barrett and Edwin Booth were on one occasion talking with Horace Howard Furness, the eminent Shakespearian scholar of Philadelphia. In the course of the conversation Dr. Furness said that in "Cymbeline," one of the least acted plays of Shakespeare, there was probably the most beautiful passage the poet ever wrote. Dr. Furness quoted the passage, which, by the way, I unfortunately have forgotten. He asked Mr. Booth what would be his rendering of the verse. Booth was unwilling to express an opinion, declaring he had never given any thought to the passage. On Dr. Furness pressing him to read it, he took the book, read the lines once over slowly, thought for a moment, and then delivered them with such meaning and expression that Dr. Furness declared he saw Shakespeare's words in an entirely different light. That is the difference between the actor and the literary man's reading.

As a matter of fact, however, there are more vile readings of Shakespeare on the stage than off. Lots of outsiders, as well as actors, pose as Shakespearian scholars without the slightest justification for their claim. It takes a lifetime to learn to act Shakespearian parts. Nearly all that we know about the acting of Shakespearian characters has been handed down to us by others. Shakespeare, it is fair to presume, staged "Hamlet" himself. He told Burbage how to act it. Betterton, who was a much better actor than Burbage, saw him act and copied his business. Then we come down from Betterton to Quin, Garrick, Kean, Kemble and Macready, and Forrest to Booth, so that you see the line is not so long. We have the "business" and emendation of all those men on the character, so that it would be possible to take a clever young man from the country to-day and, by the aid of the examples of those who have gone before him, so perfect him in the part that he would play it much better than Betterton. The Hamlet of Booth was the result, to a certain extent, of a process of evolution. Booth had a great contempt for the commentators, a feeling, however, which I am far from sharing. He used to say that they never threw any new light on those points in Shakespeare which are considered obscure.

Booth's ability to read the passage in question as well as he did has always seemed to me an example of the actor's "superiority in his own business"—which is not generally conceded. What I mean is, no matter how great an actor a man may be, no matter how much he may understand his art as a result of a lifetime study, innumerable people, of no particular aptitude for criticism, would be found ready to "pick him apart," explain the flaws in his work, and thrust on him wrathy condemnation. A great painter exhibits one of his works. The public go and express opinion in hushed tones, until two or three of the big fellows among the critics, men who understand the technique

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thoroughly, say that it is good or bad. Few would have the courage to sign their names to the criticism of the picture, unless they knew something about the mixing of colors, light and shade, and drawing. The critic of the statue knows something at least about "pointing up." All the musical critics in this country and abroad are more or less proficient musicians.

Why is it, then, that the actor alone is criticised by people who know nothing about the stage, except what is learned from in front of the footlights, people who, in a number of instances, proudly declare that they are not at all sympathetic toward the actor? The evil of allowing people like this to write criticisms is that they frequently damn a good play because it is badly acted, or damn a good actor because he has a bad part. I believe the English critic, William Archer, stated that after years and years of study he learned to be able to tell which was the part and which was the player. Mr. Archer is a brilliantly intellectual man. If it took him years and years to learn this, what are we to think of those who write and express opinions that pass for criticism, men who are neither brilliant, intellectual, nor studious?

Lawrence Barrett was born in April 14, 1838, and died March 20, 1891. He was probably the most intellectual actor known to the English-speaking stage. He could scarcely read when he was fourteen. His parents were poor and had neither the means nor inclination to give him an education. His first earnings were made as a bell-boy at a hotel. Then he drifted to the theatre, and became in turn call-boy, prompter, actor. At sixteen, owing to the illness of one of the leading men, he played Cassius in "Julius Cæsar," one of the several parts on which his fame securely rests. Mr. Barrett has been called the Macready of the American stage. There were many points in the characters of the two tragedians to justify this view. His position as an actor is likely to be misunderstood by the future student of the contemporaneous stage. The diversity of opinion in respect to the measure of his merits was so pronounced during his lifetime that a proper estimate of his powers will be hard to reach. For some reason he seemed to antagonize the writers for the press, many of whom declared his work to be "pedantic, monotonous, and wanting in truth to nature." Barrett's own opinion of himself was that "he was not an actor, but a theatrical elocutionist."

For a number of years Barrett and I

STUART ROBSON AS TONY LUMPKIN IN "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."

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MR. WEAVER AS DR. JOHNSON IN "OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

had houses adjoining at Cohasset. To those who knew him well he was one of the most fascinating men, but, unfortunately for him, he was a man whom it was necessary to know very well to know at all. He had many enemies, and often things were said about his acting that, I think, were unfair, and that would never have been said if it were not for his personal unpopularity.

Shortly after his death, Booth asked me why I considered Barrett a great actor. I told him that when Fechter came to New York I was playing in Mr. Forrest's company, and Fechter being unmercifully "roasted" by the New York critics, Forrest became very bitter and sarcastic.

"There isn't a critic in New York City," said Mr. Forrest, "with brains enough to understand and appreciate his art."

"You think he is a great actor, then?" I said.

"One of the greatest the world has seen," replied Mr. Forrest.

"What do you think constitutes a great actor?" I asked.

"A great actor is one who can play three parts better than any one else can play them," was Mr. Forrest's reply.

Booth agreed with me that, judged by this standard, Barrett was indeed a great actor.

Barrett was undoubtedly the most scholarly actor of his day. It was a broad scholarship, too, and he seemed to have feeling for everything that was beautiful in all the arts. He talked with exquisite grace and ease on almost any subject pertaining to the stage or literature, and, when animated through interest in his subject, was a brilliant speaker.

One night, at a dinner in New York, he was asked at the last moment to take the place of Bourke Cockran. He refused modestly, saying the honor was too much; but when, at the last moment, Mr. Cockran did not appear, the toastmaster, much to Barrett's surprise, introduced him. He stood up half angrily to say that he was not prepared to speak, much less to take the place of the great orator, but he was given such a reception that it was three minutes before he could be heard; then, pointing to a large picture of Thomas Moore in the dining-hall, he said:

"The Irishman who would be silent before that picture," etc., and what followed some of the leading men of this country have declared to be a masterpiece of oratory.

Barrett continually worried about the newspaper criticisms. Once, I remember, at Cohasset, he came across a few lines in a paper, and in a few moments he was almost a demoniac in his fury. Booth tried to console him by saying that he never read newspaper criticisms unless he was assured in advance that they were pleasant.

There were two natures strong within Barrett at all times. If you came up to him from behind, the face from the rear seemed partly to be that of a remarkably handsome man, but if he turned on you suddenly there was something very strong, almost fierce, in the features and in the expression, suggesting the tormented soul. He had a mother who was all sweetness, gentleness, and refinement, while his father was a man of the commonest clay, and between the natures of these two he was continually in struggle.

When Barrett and I were very young men we were under the management of a very curious character—one William H.

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Crisp—the father of the Charles F. Crisp who became conspicuous as Judge of the Supreme Court of Georgia and Speaker of the United States House of Representatives. Crisp was a stately, handsome man about fifty years old when we knew him. He was a fine light comedian, and came to this country from England in the forties, made a good impression in New York, then drifted to the West and South, where he was favorably very well known. While we were with him business was generally bad, and what little money we made was practically spent upon himself. If we happened to have a very good house, he would come behind the scenes between the acts with his hands full of quarters and halves, and ostentatiously distribute the same to the actors. "A dollar for you, Mr. Jones. God bless you! Mr. Herne, I hope you are well. Your good father's back is better, I hope. I think seventy-five cents will make matters easier at home. Mr. Prior, you pinched fifty cents from the box-office yesterday, I believe. One dollar and twenty-five cents added to that extraction may satisfy the claims of the impecunious washerwoman with whom you are continually threatening our honored treasurer. Mr. Robson, you need a new pair of shoes—the ones you are now wearing for street and light comedy stage work are a disgrace to any first-class company. Things of shreds and patches. Hasten, I implore you, to the nearest cordwainer, and have them tipped, or better still, buy a second-hand pair, which will look as good as new, and inculcate a spirit of economy which in ambitious youth is wise to cultivate. Here, sir, is the wherewithal—two dollars and fifty cents. This sum should also provide you with ample funds until next Friday, on which day the ghost will walk punctually at twelve. Mr. Barrett, you, too, seem sadly in need of renewed footgear. Your off shoe hath a most unsightly hole. 'Tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door,' but a gruesome sight to our good citizens who hold my company in such high esteem."

Then, after distributing the balance of the silver, he would turn his pockets inside out, to show that he had not retained a single cent for himself, and with a sigh and a patronizing wave of his hand, make his lordly exit with:

"Remember, gentlemen, Friday at twelve—our usual day and hour—salaries will be punctually paid."

When salary day came around the treasurer was generally out of town to see his sick aunt, and Mr. Crisp could not be found, but in the green-room we would find a delicately tinted "notice," reading something like this:

"Owing to the temporary mislaying of Mr. Crisp's check-book, it will be impossible for the treasurer to liquidate the usual claims of the company. In the meantime the ladies and gentlemen are requested not to annoy Mr. Crisp by any personal reference to the subject, the treasurer having absolute control over the financial department of this theatre."

One day Barrett came to me pale and anxious. His landlady had threatened to put him out of his boarding-house if he did not bring her seven dollars before supper time.

"The hour has come for a halt," said I. "Let us join forces, attack the enemy, and give him no quarter until we hit him for a tenner at least."

We were playing in Savannah at the time, and found Crisp in the bar-room of the old Scriven House. He was drinking wine with a score of courtesy captains, majors, and colonels.

Poor Barrett called him aside, and after the manner of Oliver Twist, asking for more, said: "Mr. Crisp, I am very sorry, but I *must* have seven or perish."

"How dare you, sir!" said the great manager. "How dare you speak to me about money matters when I am discussing with my friends the financial condition of our distracted country? Gentlemen, I was *never* so insulted. Mr. Barrett, you are discharged. From this moment you are no longer a member of my theatre."

The poor actor slunk into a corner and sat down, very much disheartened. Not only had he been unsuccessful in raising

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money, but he had lost his position. He thought the matter over and wondered if Crisp would accept an apology. In the meantime the manager's friends had departed, and he began to repent of his rashness. He had discharged a necessary and important actor, and he did not know where he could get a substitute who would work as patiently with uncertain salary. To say outright that he was in the wrong would be to encourage demands for money, which would never do. He walked up to the actor and said, slapping him on the back:

"Barrett, my boy, we were both hasty—neither of us meant any harm. A bottle and a bird with *me*, my boy. Let us forgive and forget. Robson, join us. Art has its claims above all mercenary considerations."

STUART ROBSON, SR., AGED 4.

STUART ROBSON, JR., AGED 4.

And then we all three bottled and birded, and laughed and talked, and when the bill was brought the genial manager passed it with a wink.

Crisp was a peculiar story-teller, seldom funny, but sometimes gruesome, and always subtle. This for a specimen:

A mother has a sick child. The doctor comes. He sees that the little one's light is dim and flickering, and will soon go out.

"Is he very ill, doctor?"

"Very ill."

The little one is only three months old. The young mother's heart is sad.

"Can you do nothing to save him?"

"Absolutely nothing."

And the child said absolutely nothing.

. . . .

Three summers ago, in company with my old friend Henry A. Weaver—the delightful Doctor Johnson of Augustus Thomas's play "Oliver Goldsmith"—I took a trip through Ireland for the main purpose of seeing something of the poet's birthplace. Athlone is situated in the heart of Ireland, about midway between Dublin and Galway. This dear old town is full of historical memorials, and one might say of the quaint old place what Marlow said of other ancient ruins: "One cannot tread upon them, but one sets foot upon some sacred memory."

After a fair dinner at "The Whistling Pig" we summoned a jarvey, and mounting his jaunting-car we drove off to Goldsmith's birthplace, which he said was located within ten miles of the village.

All who are familiar with the poet's greatest poem, "The Deserted Village," would revel in just such a trip as we made to this historic spot. The old Goldsmith house is still standing — that is, the ruins of the place are still there—staunch and sound, as if they had not weathered the wear and tear of two centuries. As we walked up past the old gateway, I saw in my mind's eye the figures of Goldsmith's venerable father, Precocious Noll himself, his brother and sisters, starting from the house to greet him.

"Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee."

The old fireplace, where Noll must have mused for hours, is still intact; but, alas, the day when we were there a fat pig from a neighboring farm had ensconsed himself in the fireplace and lay comfortably dozing 'mid the weeds and wild flowers that had taken root between the stones of the hearth. I remember that this particular pig was white and black, and resembled a man sitting in his shirt sleeves. We spent an hour in the old Goldsmith place, and then under the guidance of an aged peasant—.

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one of the most delightful old liars I ever met—we went to see the other souvenirs of Goldsmith's boyhood. The old stone mill, the hawthorn bush, the parsonage, and the Three Jolly Pigeons Tavern, immortalized by the poet as Tony Lumpkin's favorite resort in "She Stoops to Conquer." All of these venerable landmarks are still to be found, and in spite of our guide's endorsement, I am inclined to think they have an air of authenticity.

The old fellow told us that Goldsmith's body had been buried in *his* back yard, and that Doctor Johnson and a play-acting man named David Garrickson used to come down every Christmas and shed tears and drink hard over the grave. That his grandfather and the preacher were scandalized over their goings-on, and were much relieved on waking up one morning to find that the body had been taken up during the night and carted off to God Knows Where. He said his grandfather and Goldsmith were school-fellows, and that when he—Goldsmith—was nineteen years old, he had beaten his grandfather brutal and ran off to London with the preacher's wife, which made his grandfather so mad and so sad that he went to his grave and died there. He further stated that he had fought side by side with Goldsmith's nephew at Waterloo, and had punched his head many a time for the indignity his uncle had put on the parish by running away with the preacher's wife. He said he knew Wellington very well, and loved him as a brother, and that he was as close to him as I am to you when Wellington chased Napoleon off the field, sword in hand, and crying, "Up, Guards, and at him!"

He said his two boys were going to school with Queen Victoria's children, and that the Queen's ten-year-old son Tom was very fond of Archy, and that he had gotten a letter only a week ago asking him to come over to London and stop a week at Windsor.

The inventive faculty of the average guide is great. I have met the most accomplished in this gift in my travels; but for rural simplicity and purity of style in this delightful art, commend me to the charming old pilot of Goldsmith's birthplace.

I have jotted down these simple recollections of my life without any attempt at continuity, and in many instances utterly regardless of the rules which are supposed to regulate the exercise of the "literary faculty." This has been *my* hardest effort, and "my first offence," as dear Francis Wilson would say. When I am tempted to talk to you again, it will be with my tongue, not with my pen, and even then I must be called in the costume of my calling, and in front of the actor's throne, the stage of the theatre.

I always feel that an audience calls the actor once to get him away from the play of which he is a part. Then they call him again to get the man away from the actor, and then they call for a speech to get any idea that may dominate him away from the man. Ideas are mighty timid things, but they are mighty enduring, too.

I remember, when I was a boy in Baltimore, my dear old father told my mother that he had an idea for a new house, and to prove it to her he made a plan of it on my slate. I can see it now, with the big hallway through the middle, and a little room for me in the second gable.

He never built it.

Fifty years went by—very slow at first, and then galloping like it seems the years do now—and then there was my own boy, and one day I told his mother that I thought he was a nice boy, and that we had better keep him, and maybe he was big enough to have a room by himself; and would you believe me, I could not imagine him in any other room than that little one in the second gable that my father drew on my slate. And bless your hearts, I built it. Yes, I did. And father's idea, sketched out on my old Baltimore slate, is standing down on the Jersey Highlands now. It outlived father, it'll probably outlive me, and I hope—I hope it'll last just as long as the little fellow needs it.

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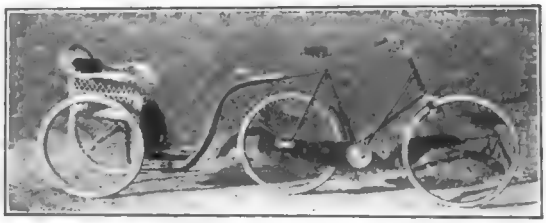
PICTURE PARAGRAPHS.

[*We shall be glad to consider photographs of all kinds suitable for this section of the magazine, and to pay for such as are accepted.*—ED.]

A BICYCLE CHAIR.

THE accompanying illustration shows a bicycle rickshaw that is becoming popular in England. The wheeled chair attached to the back of the bicycle affords a comfortable seat for one not possessing the requisite physical vigor to propel himself over the roads on an ordinary bicycle, and enables him to enjoy the fresh air and beautiful scenery while being drawn by friend or servant.



A BICYCLE CHAIR.

A CHINESE CRIMINAL.

The "cage punishment" is one of the cruelest ways the Chinese have of punishing their criminals. The culprit is compelled to stand erect with toes only touching the floor, while a wooden collar is adjusted about the neck, making it impossible to rest in any manner. The hands are tied behind his back, and here the victim is kept without food or water until death ends his torture. Few live longer than two days, yet a man of powerful physique has been known to last four days. The cage stands in full view of all passers-by.

CHINESE WHEELBARROWS.

In Middle China wheelbarrows are everywhere used as passenger and freight carriers. The roads are little more than

A CHINESE CRIMINAL.

CHINESE WHEELBARROWS.

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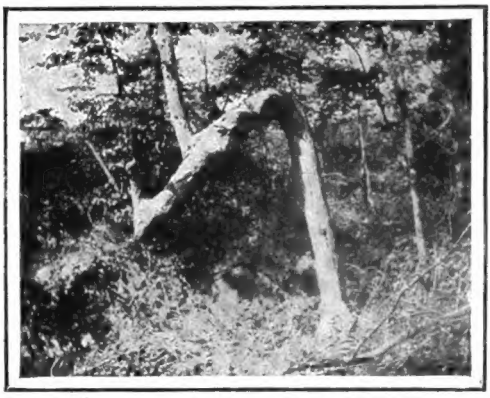


AN ODD TREE.

footpaths, and locomotion is very slow and fatiguing. The wheel of the vehicle is never greased, and consequently emits a constant screech as it revolves. It is placed directly in the centre of the barrow, which requires very nice balancing to prevent an upset.

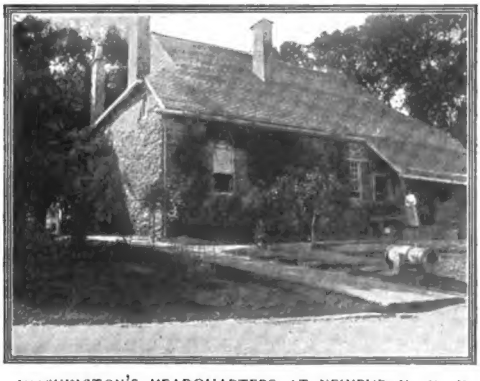
AN ODD TREE.

"As the twig is bent the tree's inclined!" This old saying is curiously exemplified by this print of a tree in the interior of Murry Isle, one of the Thousand Islands. The tree was evidently bent in this position while young, and has grown up as bent. The branch which shoots upward bears the only leaves on the tree, which, however, appears to be in a perfectly healthy condition.

AN INDIAN GIRL VIOLINIST.

Zitkala Sa is a young Indian girl of the Sioux tribe. She first attended an Indian school in Indiana, and afterwards Earlham College, Indiana, where she secured the prize in an intercollegiate oratorical contest. Miss Sa was a member of the faculty of the Carlisle Indian School, but developing a taste and talent for music, very rare for one of her nation, resigned her position in order to pursue her musical studies in Boston. She completed her course there and has now returned to the Carlisle School. As Indian music in its untutored originality and crudity of tone and phrasing seems very discordant to the musically educated, Zitkala Sa's exceptionally fine rendering of the most difficult selections from the great masters is the more remarkable.

AN INDIAN GIRL VIOLINIST.



WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT NEWBURGH, N. Y.

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT NEWBURGH, N. Y.

This picturesque old cottage, once the home of Col. Jonathan Hasbrouck, was used by Washington as his headquarters after the siege of Yorktown, from April, 1782, until August, 1783. The army remained in camp at Newburgh until November, 1783, when on the lawn surrounding headquarters Washington's farewell orders were read to the assembled army, which was then formally disbanded.

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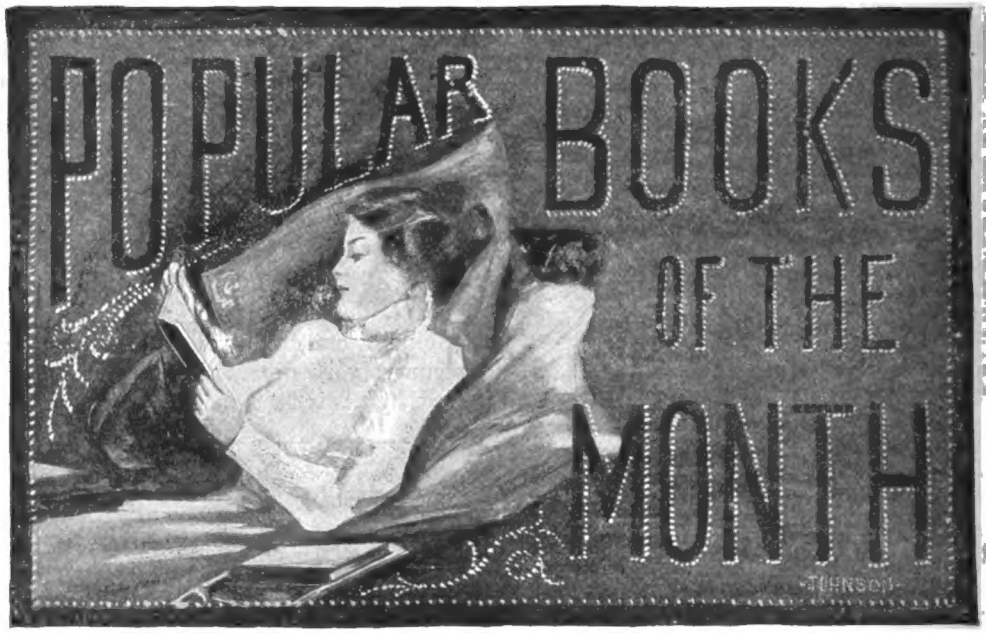

A CAREFUL canvass of the leading booksellers results in the compilation of the following list of books that have proved themselves most popular during the past month, as judged by the number of copies sold:

TITLE	AUTHOR	PUBLISHER AND PUBLISHER'S PRICE
The Cardinal's Snuff-Box,	Henry Harland,	John Lane, $1.50.
To Have and to Hold,	Mary Johnston,	Houghton, Mifflin & Co., $1.50.
A Gentleman from Indiana,	Booth Tarkington,	Doubleday & McClure Co., $1.50.
The Redemption of David Corson,	Charles Frederic Goss,	The Bowen-Merrill Co., $1.50.
Eben Holden,	Irving Bacheller,	Lothrop Publishing Co., $1.50.
Patroon Van Volkenberg,	Henry Thew Stephenson,	The Bowen-Merrill Co., $1.50.
The Master Christian,	Marie Corelli,	Dodd, Mead & Co., $1.50.
Quisanté,	Anthony Hope,	Frederick A. Stokes Co., $1.50.
Mistress Penwick,	Dutton Payne,	R. F. Fenno & Co., $1.50.
The Reign of Law,	James Lane Allen,	The Macmillan Co., $1.50.
Unleavened Bread,	Robert Grant,	Chas. Scribner's Sons, $1.50.
A Friend of Caesar,	William Stearns Davis,	The Macmillan Co., $1.50.
Senator North,	Gertrude Atherton,	John Lane, $1.50.
When Knighthood Was in Flower,	Edward Caskoden,	The Bowen-Merrill Co., $1.50.
Bob, Son of Battle,	Alfred Ollivant,	Doubleday & McClure Co., $1.25.
Boy—A Sketch,	Marie Corelli,	J. B. Lippincott Co., $1.50.
The Voice of the People,	Ellen Glasgow,	Doubleday, Page & Co., $1.50.
In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim,	Frances Hodgson Burnett,	Chas. Scribner's Sons, $1.50.
China, The Long Lived Empire,	E. R. Scidmore,	The Century Co., $2.50.
Chinese Characteristics,	Arthur H. Smith,	Fleming H. Revell Co., $1.25.
Village Life in China,	Arthur H. Smith,	Fleming H. Revell Co., $2.00.
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To take the Mayor to the show
And Spotless Town is in surprise
To see them win the cake-walk prize-
The pan-cake offered at the show-
It cleans the pans — **SAPOLIO**

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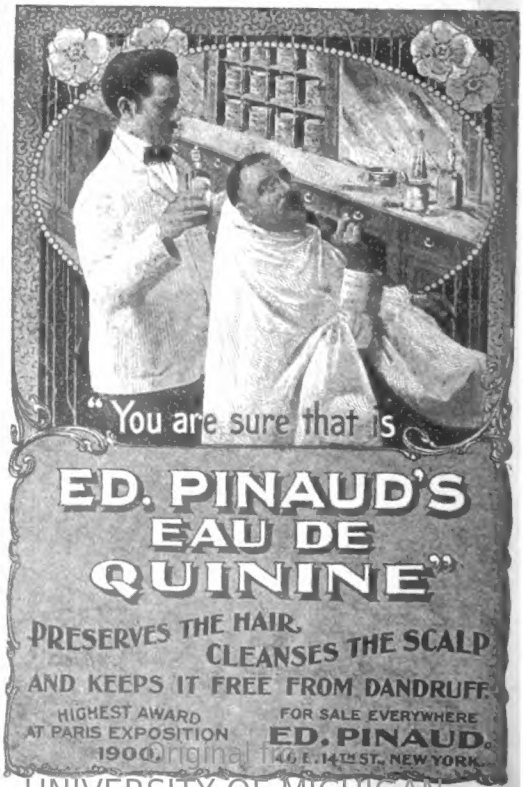

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